# The Nation

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH* 18, 1915.

## Summary of the News

On the same day, March 11, the note from the State Department, seeking information as to the exact scope of the British proposal for cutting off commerce from Germany, was presented to the Foreign Office in London, and the Order in Council, setting forth details of the plan, was signed by King George. The text of the latter, which was made public on Monday, elaborates but does not differ in general scope from the proposed plan of embargo on German commerce already announced by the British Government. The publication of the text of the Order in Council is welcome in that it enables the points of difference between British and American opinion to be clearly defined.

The British point of view seemingly may be summed up thus: First, the German method of submarine warfare against peaceful commerce, involving the destruction of life of non-belligerents and marking a departure from all codes of warfare hitherto accepted by civilized nations, necessitates and justifies measures of reprisal; secondly, a blockade, in the technical sense of the term as defined in international law, is impracticable under modern conditions of naval warfare, and the proposed embargo is the nearest feasible approach to it, and at the same time is calculated to inflict less actual hardship on neutrals than would be caused by a regular blockade. Against these contentions, which might not in themselves appear unreasonable, American opinion argues with equal reason and on a firm foundation of ethics: First, that two blacks do not make a white, and that because neutral commerce is put in peril by the German submarine menace, that is no reason why it should also be subjected to hardship by British reprisals; secondly, that to jettison international law on the ground that circumstances alter cases is a precedent fraught with danger for its future applications. If it is to be admitted that in every war belligerents must make their own rules of conduct, then the whole body of international law designed for the protection of neutrals becomes at once an academic exercise. The question of the relative hardship to neutral commerce imposed by one method or by the other does not enter into the matter; the issue at stake, so far as American opinion is concerned, is solely one of principle, whether international law shall be regarded as binding or not.

Pelion has been piled on Ossa in the way of rumors regarding the position of Italy. Reports last week stated positively that definite offers of territorial concessions had been made by Germany through which Italy would gain at the expense of Austria. These were followed by equally explicit statements that the mission of Prince von Bülow in Rome had failed on account of the refusal of Emperor Francis Joseph to agree to the cession of a yard of Austrian territory, and this report, in turn, has received "authoritative denial." Comment on the possibilities of the situation will be found in other columns. Here we need note only the facts that have occurred during the past week, interpreting them simply as renewed evidence that Italy is determined to be prepared for any event. On March 10 Vice-Admiral the Duke of the Abruzzi hoisted his flag as commander of a squadron of five dreadnoughts; on the same day an official statement was issued in Paris, announcing that as the Italian Government had recalled certain categories of the reservists the French Government had given liberty to the Fourth Regiment of the Foreign Legion, to which the Garibaldians belonged; from various sources come reports that the mobilization and equipment of the Italian army is virtually complete; on Monday, by a vote of 334 to 34, the Chamber of Deputies approved the bill for the economic and military defence of the state; on the same day the Italian Minister of Posts and Telegraphs issued orders suspending the exchange of telegraphic money orders with Austria-Hungary and suppressing the travelling post-office on trains bound for the Austrian frontier.

The tension of the political situation in Greece arising out of the resignation of the Venizelos Government on the issue of neutrality has been temporarily relieved by the adjournment of Parliament, the decree for which was issued by King Constantine on March 11. M. Gounaris has been successful in forming a Cabinet, the personnel of which was announced on March 10, pledged to the maintenance of a neutral policy. In an interview with an Athenian evening paper cabled to the New York *Times* on Monday, M. Venizelos is stated to have expressed his conviction that the Gounaris Government would soon be forced by events to abandon its neutral policy. M. Venizelos is also said to have declared that "the events of last week at Sofia" (presumably the resignation of the Bulgarian Premier coinciding with his own) proved that once Greece joined the Allies, Bulgaria would be forced to follow her example.

On March 10 the port of Newport News was surprised by the arrival of the German auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Friedrich, which put in for supplies and repairs. As we write, the question of the time allowance that will be granted for necessary repairs is still under consideration. The general impression prevails, however, that the cruiser will in any case elect to intern rather than face almost certain destruction by British warships presumed to be lying in wait for her outside the three-mile limit. A more important question than the possible fate of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich is raised by the fact that she brought with her to their native land the captain and crew of the American sailing ship William P. Frye, which she sunk in the South Atlantic on January 28. This vessel was bound for Liverpool with a cargo of grain consigned "to order." On the ground that the grain might be presumed to be destined for the armed forces of the enemy, the captain of the German cruiser considered himself justified in sinking the ship, thereby stultifying the position on the matter of contraband taken by the German Government. An inquiry into all the circumstances of the case has been ordered by the Administration.

The new super-dreadnought Pennsylvania, of 31,400 tons, was successfully launched at Newport News on Tuesday.

A report, issued on March 11, of the business done by the Panama Canal during the first six months of its operation, from April 15, 1914, to February 14 last, shows that 496 vessels passed through the Canal, carrying cargoes of 2,367,244 tons, the tolls for which amounted to $2,138,442.69.

In accordance with the provisions of the Naval Appropriation bill, President Wilson on March 10 designated as Admirals of the American navy Rear-Admirals Fletcher, Howard, and Cowles, the commanders respectively of the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Asiatic fleets. The new rank is temporary, and will be held only during the term of command.

The status of the negotiations between Japan and China is still obscure. Last week it was authoritatively reported that Japan had somewhat modified her demands, particularly so far as mining rights were concerned, and that a tentative agreement on points relating to these matters had been reached. On Monday, however, it was stated in cable dispatches from Peking that the Japanese Government had refused to ratify the terms tentatively accepted by its Minister in Peking, and that a deadlock had been reached. Japan meanwhile is reported to have dispatched troops to Manchuria, although confidence is expressed in Tokio that an agreement will be reached without recourse to force.

A measure described by Mr. Bonar Law as "probably the most drastic ever laid before Parliament" was introduced in the House of Commons on March 9 and unanimously carried. It gave the Government power to take over control of all factories capable of being used for the manufacture of munitions of war. The reason for the measure is doubtless to be found in recent labor troubles, which, although probably not particularly serious, have threatened to handicap the supply of munitions of war. That the Government views the situation seriously and is determined to take it in time has been evident from various indications during the past few weeks. There was, for instance, an inspired article in the London *Times* of February 27, "issued by the Press Bureau," in which emphasis was laid on the necessity of organizing the powers of production of Great Britain, not only for the uses of its own armies, but for those of its Allies, and on Monday in the House of Lords Lord Kitchener stated that the supply of war material now and for the next month or two was causing him serious anxiety.

The deaths of the week include: Sir James Donaldson, Mgr. Joseph P. O'Connell, March 9; Ethan Allen Doty, March 10; Ferdinand Burg (ex-Archduke Ferdinand Charles of Austria), Henry H. Ingersoll, Count Sergius Julovich Witte, March 12; Sir George Turner, Col. William H. Crook, March 13; Samuel Bowles, Prof. James Greenleaf Croswell, Célestin Hennion, March 14; Walter Crane, March 15; Mgr. James P. O'Connor, March 16; Lieut.-Col. Guy L. B. du Maurier (in France).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Week

It is not to be imagined that the Order in Council, made public in London on Monday, settles the question of neutral and non-contraband commerce to and from Germany. The Order is astutely drawn. Legal cleverness is stamped all over it. In the language which it uses, and the language which it refrains from using, there is an obvious attempt at once to make the pill as palatable as possible to neutrals, and to leave an opening for further explanations, amplifications, amendments. The word "blockade" is sedulously avoided. Yet the English Government may contend that it is, in reality, a blockade which has been set up and duly notified. It cries aloud for explanation and defence, from the standpoint of international law. This is conceded even in England. The question posed on March 2, when the reprisals against Germany were first outlined by the Prime Minister, was this: "If Mr. Asquith means a blockade, why does he not say blockade?" It has not yet been answered. There are doubtless military reasons for England's not declaring an effective blockade of German ports. She may not wish to provide a new target for German submarines, as she would do, in some degree, by a definite patrol of blockading ships. She might easily blockade the approach by the Channel, but find it difficult to shut off shipping from the Scandinavian countries and the routes to the north. But these are naval problems. They have nothing to do with the law of the case. And the law is dead against the procedure indicated by the Order in Council. What that undertakes to do is, in effect, to declare martial law at sea.

---

The United States in the Civil War maintained the greatest blockade for the longest time that the world ever saw. Case after case came into our courts, and their decisions helped to make the law of nations in regard to blockade. We were then belligerents, and were thought at times to be too hard on the trading rights of neutrals. It is quite possible that some of the opinions of our judges would return to plague us in case of a blockade at a time when we were neutrals. But that is neither here nor there. The internationl law which we ourselves did so much to create might bear heavily upon us, but still it would be the law. Its terms would be understood, its penalties fixed. In place of it, we are offered something by the English which is, in the first place, unknown to the law of nations, if not in violation of it, and, besides, is filled with uncertainties. These British reprisals may not, in fact, cost the United States so much in dollars and cents as would an effective blockade; but that has nothing to do with the question of law and right. The American flag is not, in spite of what is said in Europe, so lashed to the cash register during this war that our Government will be deterred from inquiring into the legality of the British plan, simply because it would be cheaper and save trouble not to do so.

---

Prince von Bülow, offering Italy on behalf of William II appetizing bits of Austrian territory, makes one of the good stories of the war; and that is about all. It is guesswork. We do not know what Germany has offered or what Austria is willing to give. We do know approximately what Italy wants, and there it is safe to say that a mere "rectification" of frontiers falls far short of her ambitions. The *Giornale d'Italia* puts the matter bluntly. A considerable portion of Europe and vast stretches of colonial territory may be in the melting-pot at the end of the war. It is true that the *Giornale* speaks of frontiers and mentions Austria, but the whole tone makes it plain that the gains contemplated must be very substantial. It is purely a business arrangement. No sentimentalism, no knight-errantry, but "the amplest liberty of action against any one." And here comes a significant statement: "The forces of the belligerents are wearing out, while our energies are augmented." It is possible to read into this sentence an argument against Italy's entering into the war altogether, or at least until the very last moment, when the exhausted nations will be in no position to refuse Italy's demands for compensation. It suggests a policy like that of Rumania in the second Balkan War, when Bucharest cashed in her profits by a mere display of force.

---

The renewed appeals from Poland for relief emphasize again the natural consequences of the swaying back and forth of the huge Russian and Austro-German armies. In the western arena the forces of devastation, after the first German onrush and its check, have been held fairly static. In Poland the fighting line of 700 miles is now estimated to have swept over 200 towns and 9,000 villages, razing to the ground more than half of them; corn, forage, and all available cattle and horses have been seized, and a rural population of 7,000,000 reduced almost to beggary; while in the industrial cities almost all normal activities have ceased. How inadequate any possible assistance must be to repair one tithe of the damage is shown by the computation that it will reach six hundred millions of dollars. But relief may be instrumental in saving the worst-beset of the population from starvation and some other of its greatest immediate miseries. The Polish people, divided against itself in the war, the victim of race hatreds almost unknown elsewhere, and looking forward at best to prolonged economic submergence, should be made to share equally with the other stricken regions in American generosity. The latest call for help is made through the Swiss National Bank at Lausanne.

---

The public is too willing to see abuses in Federal appropriation methods corrected not to join in the denunciation of extravagance by Congressmen Fitzgerald and Gillett. It is not this session alone that has "disregarded the principles of sound business and economy"; and the appointment of a joint commission to inquire into permanent budget methods supports their statement that the subject will be prominent in the next Congress. But they do protest too much in their attribution of all the trouble to sources apart from the rank and file of Congress. To Mr. Gillett, it is the Executive Departments which are "primarily at fault." Their estimates have outrun the actual appropriations, whereas their isolated position should make them veritable Treasury watchdogs. But has Congress no responsibility for the long-established understanding that to get $150,000 it is necessary to ask for $200,000? In his review of the year, Chairman Fitzgerald points to the distribution of appropriation control among eight committees as the main root of the evil. But another side was recently put forward in debate by Representative Towner:

> I think that there is more fault to be found with the membership of the House than with the membership of the committees. The pressure that is brought to bear upon the various members of these committees by the membership of the House is sometimes, as we know, tremendous. The pressure that is brought to bear by individual interests, acting through their Representatives on the floor of this House . . . . is tremendous.

---

Secretary Garrison's rebuke to Gen. Wood is distinctly a mild one, but it is a rebuke none the less, and it ought to lead to the prompt cessation of his aide's activities on behalf of the American Legion. Capt. Johnston, after this, can no longer pretend that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he is justified in advising or supporting the work of the Legion, either as an officer or as a private citizen. We hope, however, that Secretary Garrison will not stop there, but will issue to the army a vigorous warning that his order of February 23, prohibiting officers "from giving out for publication any interview, statement, discussion, or article on the military situation in the United States," means business. It should also be extended to include the position now taken by him in his letter of rebuke to Gen. Wood. Unable longer to speak at public dinners on military affairs, that officer must now take up other lines of activity to carry on the propaganda. A pleasant opportunity for this is afforded by the coming of the Twenty-ninth United States Infantry, which is shortly to be paraded through New York city, accompanied by two regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry. When the Thirtieth marched through a couple of months ago, only one militia regiment was ordered out as escort. Until the desire for military propaganda arose, the regiments of the regular army were neither marched through the city nor escorted by anybody.

---

In Chicago a committee, "appointed by the rank and file of the lawyers," has presented to the two bar associations of that city a report in which it "files complaint against the whole court system in Cook County." Familiar as is the idea of the evils of the law's delay, the picture presented in this report is startling. Not only are we told that the Chicago courts are "swamped with 60,000 untried cases," of from eight months' to three years' standing, but, so far from catching up with the situation, they are "falling behind 100 cases a week." The committee ascribes this condition in part, but by no means altogether, to easy-going ways on the part of many judges, who give too little time to their judicial duties. This charge against the judges is made with emphasis; but it is stated with equal emphasis that there are not enough judges:

> Seventy-five hundred cases were filed last year in the Circuit and Superior Courts. There are fourteen judges in the first and eighteen in the second court. Five sit in criminal cases and nine in the Appellate Court. This leaves eighteen judges in both courts. In order to try the cases as fast as they are filed, each judge must dispose of nearly 500 cases a year. This is physically impossible.

---

Doubtless both points are well taken; but there is a third aspect of this widespread evil which, in all probability, presents greater possibilities of practical improvement than either. The best place to attack congestion of court work is at the source. Besides the possibility of getting more work out of the judges we have, and of putting more judges on the bench, there is the possibility of cutting down the work itself. How that can be done is, of course, a difficult question; the prescription is not so simple as is that of longer hours or that of more judges. But by persistent and intelligent effort on the part of lawyers, and especially of bar associations, great progress in this direction could undoubtedly be effected. Methods of settling trivial cases without the exploitation of all the resources of the law; more perfect division of labor among the courts; the establishment, or at least the encouragement, of methods of procedure which prevent avoidable waste of time—such are the things that might well engage the prolonged and systematic attention of men of light and leading in the legal profession. Such endeavors are, in fact, going on; but they do not command anything like as much interest, or as much effort, as the importance of the object warrants.

---

There is one place where hyphenated Americans are not only tolerated, but welcomed with unaffected cordiality. This is at a political rally. What Republican could be found who would wish for the disappearance of the Swedish-American Republican League of Illinois? On the contrary, the party rejoices that the twenty-second annual convention of the League sees it reunited after the schism of 1912, and able to rise and cheer as one man at the mention of the name of Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman, as that of the "Abraham Lincoln of the twentieth century and the next President of the United States." Just what Senator Sherman has done for his Swedish-American constituents does not appear, but the ramparts of Moline were shaken by the applause that greeted the mention of his name, while the practical character of the assemblage is proved by its declaration that the Democratic party, by its extravagance and interference with business, is responsible for the present stagnation of business and financial depression. Senator Smith should lose no time in obtaining the endorsement of the Irish-American Republican League of Michigan, while Senator Burton goes after that of the German-American Republican League of Ohio, ex-Ambassador Herrick stirs up the French-American Republican League of the same great State, and Charles W. Fairbanks lines up the Italian-American Republican League of Indiana.

However civic reformers may feel, authors troubled by the emptiness of their wallet of fictitious names can have little but admiration for the inventive Terre Haute officials. With a Chief of Police confessing to 2,000 false registrations, with two mere clerks disclosing how they created several hundred voters each, Indiana sustains an old reputation for literary fertility. In old days in Philadelphia, forgers went to the tombstones for the names of false voters. Your Indianian confesses that "I made men out of my imagination, and gave them a name, an age, and set down the place of their birth." This is of a piece with the ingenuity that voted a lame colored man six times, once with a crutch, once with a cork leg, once with a peg leg, once with an iron extension leg, once without any leg, and once disguised by glasses. But, after all, these are mere details; the frauds' main outlines, with their "slush fund," their use of "floaters," their show of violence, are the hackneyed repetition of a story far older than the time when New York was estimated to have 170,000 corruptible voters, or than the scandal of Adams County, Ohio. There is a hopeful prospect that the ending will also be of the sort now accepted as hackneyed.

---

Against the Carranza forces, Pancho Villa does not quite live up to the reputation of a thunderbolt of victory which he acquired in the war against Huerta. As we see it now, Villa's part in the success of the revolution, though of prime importance, was not the sole factor. Probably because of superior press facilities, he managed to absorb some of the credit for the final outcome which should have gone to the other Constitutionalist commanders, Obregon and Gonzales, whose operations lay further south in Mexico and away from the telegraph offices. At any rate, the present conflict shows a much more even contest than that between the Constitutionalists and Huerta. The latter died slowly, but his end was inevitable. He had no notable victories to his credit. His troops surrendered in large numbers, and that showed how little at heart they had the cause they were fighting for. Deplorable though present conditions may be in Mexico, the deadlock does show a fair weight of public sympathy behind the various revolutionary generals. Huerta had behind him only the force of inertia. To intimate that Mr. Wilson made a cardinal error in not coming to terms with Huerta is to argue that the duty of this country consisted in lending aid and comfort to a man repudiated by the mass of his countrymen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## *WILL "STARVATION" SHORTEN THE WAR?*

Germany is not to be conquered by starvation. Our enemies did not reckon with our economic strength, with the organized strength of our agriculture, commerce, and industry, the unity of the nation, and our firm determination to win.

To this declaration, made by the President of the Reichstag in opening its session last week, it is impossible to object, so far as it relates to the manifest elements of the situation in Germany. Whether her enemies, as represented by their leading statesmen and military chiefs, committed the error of judgment ascribed to them by Dr. Kaempf, is another question; for our part, we cannot believe that they did. In England, particularly, everything that has been said by men in authority, and indeed the language used by the leading journals, has contemplated the probability, almost the certainty, of a very long war; and this is incompatible with the idea of Germany being, in anything like the literal sense of the words, "conquered by starvation." A country which in ordinary times derives only about one-fifth of its food supply from importations, and which—being a highly prosperous country—has, as a matter of course, a very considerable margin to go upon before it reaches even the point of serious privation, is not likely in any case to be literally starved into submission; and in the case of Germany the extraordinary perfection not only of her economic but also of her governmental organization makes still more illusory an expectation of outright conquest by starvation.

What purpose, then, is to be served by cutting off food supplies from Germany? The obvious answer is that, without starvation, there may be such privation as to bring about a disposition to end the war. To this, however, the rejoinder is equally obvious; a nation that has shown not only the "unity," but the boundless readiness for sacrifice, of which the Germans have given such ample proof, is not to be brought to its knees by the discomfort or the suffering that may be produced by short rations. And yet this is not the whole case; nor do we believe that either the Germans or their enemies are ignorant of the part that "starvation" is really capable of playing in hastening the close of the war. The case for German invincibility rests upon two factors. One is that, as a matter of military strength, she can maintain indefinitely a defensive war on both her western and her eastern frontier; the other that, as a matter of economic resources, she can endure indefinitely the cutting off of importations. Each of these propositions, taken alone, may be absolutely sound; but a wholly different aspect of the question presents itself when we put the two together.

Upon the domain of military prophecy we have no disposition to enter. The events of the next two or three months may wholly alter the face of things, and bring to naught all the anticipations of all the experts. But it is plain that the Allies hope in the near future definitely to throw the Germans upon the defensive all along the line. Should this situation arise, and should it become evident to the German mind that a victorious outcome of the war is out of the question—still more should it be made plain that prolonging the war must of necessity mean a steady weakening of their relative strength as compared with that of their enemies—the whole psychology of the situation will be radically changed. So long as success is a possibility, Germans may speak, and be entirely sincere in doing so, of dying to the last man; but Germans are, after all, human beings, and will act as other human beings do when brought clearly face to face with inescapable facts. Up to the present time, or very nearly to the present time, the conviction has been almost universal in Germany that she was absolutely sure to win; when that has been changed to absolute certainty that she cannot win, who shall say how profound will be the change in the people's attitude? And it is then that privations and losses, hunger and suffering, will effectively assert themselves. Against the enemy on the frontier, the German armies and fortresses may be able to hold out indefinitely if the people are for the war; against hunger and privation the people may be willing to hold out indefinitely if the armies have any prospect of victory. But with victory in the field out of the question, the pangs of distress would be bound to create such discontent as, sooner or later, would force the hand of the governing powers, and compel the acceptance of any reasonable terms of peace.

Indeed, it is from this standpoint that the value of the extraordinary measures recently adopted in Germany for the conservation of the food supply can be best appreciated. The amazing thoroughness with which the problem has been handled must impress every one who has followed the details; but it would be a mistake to suppose that there would be real starvation in Germany, on any great scale, even if the situation had not been met in this ultra-scientific fashion. There was terrible scarcity of food in many parts of the Southern States during our Civil War, as early as 1863; but, though nothing was said about calories, and though the whole economic organization of the South was extremely primitive, the war went on unflinchingly for two years longer, and was ended at last by crushing defeat in the field. What the remarkable measures taken in Germany will achieve is not the bare physical possibility of carrying on the war, but the reduction of discomfort, privation, and discontent; they will go as far as forethought and science can go towards counteracting the effect of the cutting off of foreign supplies. But they will be far from doing away with that effect altogether; and it must be remembered that other economic losses and hardships of vast extent are being endured besides those connected with shortage of food. Upon the pressure thus produced must largely rest the Allies' hopes of bringing the war to a comparatively early close.

## *PROGRESS AND REACTION IN RUSSIA*

Sergius Witte was unquestionably the foremost man of affairs in Russia for a generation, if we count from the death of Gortchakoff in 1883. Only Stolypin can be compared with him, and Stolypin makes a poor second when one estimates the permanent influence upon the national development exercised by the two men. To the outside world Witte is best known as the man whom Nicholas II sent to Portsmouth in the summer of 1905 to drive the best possible bargain with Japan, and whom soon after the frightened Autocrat summoned to exorcise the menace of revolution. At Portsmouth Witte fulfilled his mission. As first constitutional Minister of Russia, he may claim to have tided over a difficult transition period, but the test also brought out his limitations. He was not strong enough to maintain himself against the opposing forces of radicalism and reaction. If the mark of the highest kind of statesmanship is to survive and impress itself on events, Witte failed. The rôle was one in which he was bound to displease the extremists on both sides, but a bigger man would have gone on being hated and feared till his work was done. When the autocracy had had its use of him he was dismissed. He did not meet the first Duma, and with his departure began the steady process of whittling away the liberties won by the Russian people in one magnificent effort, a process which is still under way.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still the Russia of to-day bears the impress of Witte's labors. Russia the growing industrial state, Russia the constitutional state, imperfect but still inevitably constitutional, Russia the great power in eastern and central Asia, Russia the ally of France, and so of Great Britain, is largely the handiwork of Witte. It all comes down to his fruitful activity, extending over a full decade as Minister of Finance from 1893 to 1903; since it is impossible to separate the nation's economic development during this decade from its political and international experiences. His purposes were specific; he was primarily a financier and national promotor. It was his fortune to see his labors diverted to political adventures with which he had no sympathy. The building of the Siberian railway from the Baikal to Vladivostok and Port Arthur was planned for the economic development of Russia's vast Asiatic empire. Other men made the railway an instrument for imperial aggression and so brought on the Manchurian disaster. His efforts towards the upbuilding of a national industry led directly to the revolutionary upheaval which first gave signs of life during his term as Minister of Finance, though it did not reach its culmination till two years after he had retired. By hastening the establishment of factories, he helped to bring into being the urban working class among whom the revolutionary propaganda found its strongest adherents. When Witte assumed office in 1893 Lodz, the great industrial centre of the empire, was a city of 150,000 inhabitants. In seven years the population had more than doubled. To-day the population is more than half a million. Lodz is an index of Russia's industrial progress under the system of modified Protection and internal economic reorganization which Witte inherited from his predecessor Vishnegradski and enormously developed.

As Minister of Finance he was not nominally concerned in the creation and fostering of the alliance with France. But his influence in that field was naturally of the very first importance. His successful railway and industrial policies were made possible by the enormous inflow of French investments. To the very notable extent that finance underlies international relations, he was one of the framers of the alliance. It is not to be supposed that French gold, for all the patriotic reasons that counselled an understanding with Russia, would have come into the empire in such vast amounts, if there had been no guarantee of a secure and liberal profit on the investment. Witte, by his encouragement of Russian economic development, was thus one of the men who established the present international status in Europe. It may be a mere coincidence, but nevertheless of interest, that the formal establishment of the alliance was announced about the time that Witte came into office and that it was shortly after his departure that France began to find the Russian alliance in itself insufficient to her needs, and entered upon the first steps of her *rapprochement* with Great Britain. A Russia in which the Wittes were in the ascendant might have satisfied the French people. A Russia in which the Wittes had to make way and see their work partially undone by the Alexieffs and the Grand Ducal cliques offered no permanent guarantees. Still, so heavily pledged was France by this time in a financial way to Russia, that there could be no question of a change.

If Witte was hated by the reactionary elements in the Russian state, it was precisely because of the inevitable consequences of his economic policies. Political agitation, quiescent under Alexander III, began to stir under his successor. As intimated, the revolutionary propaganda had its strong hold among the growing factory population. From the enlightened standpoint such an evolution was the inevitable accompaniment of the modernization of Russia; but to the upholders of the old régime the economic development of the country was no excuse for the evils that followed. An additional, specific cause was that Witte's industrial policies had reacted unfavorably on the condition of the agricultural classes and among them the landowners. The artificially stimulated export of grain, made necessary for the creation of favorable exchanges, disturbed conditions at home; so that Russia was in the position of sending foodstuffs abroad while suffering from famine. Thus, while Witte was too powerful and useful to be dispensed with, the influences of the reaction manifested themselves in other spheres of the national life. At the same time that Russia was being reorganized after the pattern of a modern agricultural state, political reaction set in powerfully. A campaign of repression was waged against the smaller nationalities, and against the Jews specifically; the rights of the zemstvos were curtailed, the universities were "regulated," the stage was set for the national uprising for which the unlucky war with Japan gave the signal.

Witte thus combined in his career the contradictions which are true of Russia to-day, a state forced by the irresistible course of events towards reorganization on a modern basis, yet held back by the inertia of the mass. Witte was not big enough to overcome the tug of reactionary influences. Sometimes he had to make terms with the reaction, as when, early in his career as Minister of Finance, he consented to restrictive regulations directed against the Jews in commerce. He has been described as a Liberal statesman, and that word explains why his enemies were so many. Where passions run high, as they do in Russia, between revolution and reaction, the practical man of affairs is insured against an excessive popularity.

## *THE RAILWAYS' DREAM OF LOVE.*

Talk about waking up one morning to find that you are famous! This is nothing to waking up to discover that you are beloved. And this thrilling experience seems to be that of American railways just now. For years they had gone without a sign of reciprocated affection. They loved the public to distraction, of course, but the public had steadily treated them as if their very presence were hateful. Reproaches and obloquy had been heaped upon them so long that they could hardly have been blamed for thinking that they were condemned to be lovelorn all their lives. But in a day this has been changed. Long sadly plucking the daisy, the railways now find the last petal coming off to the glad exclamation: "The people love us!" And the result is that we see gray-bearded railway managers indulging in the raptures of love's young dream.

The unromantic facts are significant enough of the great change. First, we had the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission granting, on a rehearing, the larger part of the railways' requests for authority to increase freight rates. Then we had the surprising popular vote in Missouri, where a special referendum handsomely sustained the railways in their opposition to the Full Crew law. Only last week we next had two important decisions of the Supreme Court, laying it down in unmistakable terms that railways are entitled to a "substantial" return on their investments, which no State regulation must be allowed seriously to cripple, and reaffirming the fundamental rights of railway property. The States were plainly told by the Court that they had large powers of control over a railway, but must never suppose that they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could act as if they were in the position of its "owner." This is a dictum worthy of much pondering. It is full of meaning in itself, and clearly indicates what the position of the Supreme Court will be in the future. Turning from judges to public men, we have many utterances friendly to the railways. The President himself has more than once expressed his belief that the railway managements should be permitted to obtain the revenue which they need in order to play their great part in the country's commercial life and prosperity. And Oscar Underwood, Senator-elect from Alabama, and certain to be a power in the Democratic party for the next six years, made declarations much to the same effect in a speech in New York last week. We quote some of his carefully balanced words:

> As the public in the end must pay the bill, they are primarily interested in the railroads securing the money needed for their maintenance and development at reasonable rates, and equally interested in seeing that it is wisely expended. . . . Low rates and adequate facilities are demanded by the public, but the granting of one is often the denial of the other. . . . The price of new facilities must always be the acquisition of new capital from some source. Without new railroad facilities, our commerce cannot expand beyond our present limitations.

We are bound to say that, thus far, railway officials have not been abusing the new popular favor for them, of which there have been so many signs. In these the managers rejoice, but they act as men undertaking to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. They may be at heart as happy as a lover, but outwardly they are betraying no arrogance. And in the one political effort which they are now making—their campaign to obtain the repeal of the full-crew laws—they are displaying a commendable spirit of frankness and directness. They resort to no lobby. They retain no disreputable politicians. They are themselves their own "accelerators" in the business-like statements and explanations which they address to the public and the Legislatures. A strategic choice of words marks their appeal. What they ask for is the repeal of the law for "excess-crews." That is a perfectly correct description of the burden which labor-agitators and politicians afraid of the labor vote have imposed upon them in New York State and in New Jersey. It is a crew more than "full" which the trains have to carry, one man or more being very like a passenger whom the railways do not need but whose wages they have to pay.

It is not to be imagined that sagacious railway men can expect the present era of good feeling towards them to last indefinitely. When the country waxes fat again with prosperity it will kick, and the railways will come in for perhaps more than their fair share of the kicking. The only point we make is that the great opportunity now before them ought to be utilized by the railway managers in the wisest way. Making hay while the sun shines, they should see to it that too big a crop of thorns and thistles is not gathered at the same time, to make trouble later. In other words, while strengthening their position and making financial provision for the future, the railways are under an obligation to avoid repetition of the scandals of the past—to prevent abuses of capitalization, wrongs of reorganization or consolidation, and Stock Exchange manipulation which would give demagogues their chance and throw the whole railway situation into confusion and gloom again.

## *A NEWSPAPER RECORD OF HONOR.*

Samuel Bowles, the son of Samuel Bowles, took charge of the Springfield *Republican* at the early age of twenty-six, upon the death of his father in 1878. From that time until his death on Sunday, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, he maintained that unique newspaper at the high level upon which his father had placed it. To appreciate the nature of this achievement, it is necessary to picture in some measure the changes that have taken place both in American life and in American journalism during those thirty-seven years. The development of a metropolitan newspaper in such a way as to meet the demands of great changes, and yet to preserve unimpaired the standards of a journal of the best type, is a problem that bristles with difficulties; in the case of a newspaper published in a minor New England city it might well seem impossible, had it not been an accomplished fact in the case of the *Republican*. To compass this required two things—first, an absolute and unflinching devotion to the purpose, and secondly, a thorough knowledge of the newspaper business. Both of these requirements were fulfilled in Samuel Bowles.

In many ways, American journalism is far superior in our time to what it was when the elder Samuel Bowles, then a youth of eighteen, persuaded his father to turn the Springfield *Republican* from a weekly into a daily; far superior even to what it was when the younger Bowles took hold of the paper in 1878. In other ways, there has been a great deal of change for the worse. It is the peculiar glory of the Springfield paper that it has been both a chief agency in promoting the change for the better and an outstanding example in resisting the change for the worse. Independence of the control of party organizations, now almost universal among the important newspapers of the country, was a rare thing a generation or two back. The Springfield *Republican* was one of its earliest representatives, and its influence one of the most important in bringing about the general emancipation. Nor need one hesitate to assert that there has taken place a radical improvement in the direction of independent opinion generally, in the typical American newspaper; and in this, too, the Springfield paper has been a leader. On the other hand, the flooding of the papers with all manner of triviality and sensationalism, the absence of discriminating selection and of intelligent perspective in the news columns, the garish offensiveness of headlines—all this has taken possession of a great part of the American press in a way which to our fathers would have seemed simply impossible; yet in the face of all this, the *Republican* has continued to hold both its local constituency and its place in the nation, without any departure from its standards of good taste and good sense. In doing so, it has rendered a service to our civilization the value of which it would be difficult to overestimate.

That this service has been made possible not solely by the ability and character of the owners and editors of the paper, but equally by the nature of its immediate constituency, does not detract from, but rather enhances, one's feeling of gratification in the contemplation of it. The New England of to-day is not the New England of seventy years ago, or even the New England of thirty or forty years ago. To that extraordinary stock, with its inheritance of the virtues, the energy, the traditions of the Puritan settlers, there has been added a great deal that is of wholly different strain, and from it there has been taken away—both by dying out of families and by that stream of migration which has built up new communities throughout the West—a great deal that it could ill afford to part with. But it may be that more of it remains than we are in the habit of thinking; and especially that, besides what remains directly in the flesh, there is much that has asserted itself in the spirit and impregnated the new-comers. At all events, the maintenance of the *Re-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*publican* on its high level has been predicated upon the existence of an audience of farmers, and villagers, and denizens of small towns, throughout the Connecticut Valley, who welcome, and who profit by, such food for their intellectual and moral nature as it has been steadily providing. It has not neglected their natural craving for neighborhood news; no part of the paper is more carefully kept up than that which sets forth —in good, well-ordered form, however, and not as a welter of miscellaneous oddities—the little happenings of every town and hamlet in its territory. The Massachusetts or Connecticut villager has the satisfaction of finding his little community on the map; but when he turns to the main news and editorial pages he is put in intelligent touch with the affairs of the world and with the issues of the time.

Such a paper as the *Republican* is a standing protest against the doctrine that the business of a newspaper is solely to give people "what they want." Give them what you think they ought to have, and it may turn out that, in spite of certain appearances to the contrary, that is just what they really want.

## *DANGERS IN UNIVERSITY EXTENSION*

At the University of Wisconsin last week occurred the first meeting of the National Conference upon University Extension. Since the reorganization of Wisconsin's extension division in 1906, that faculty has grown faster and done more than any other in America. The division has become a coördinate college, with 29 departments—one, the correspondence department, having nearly 75 instructors. Yet university extension, with its reactions upon the institution, is to-day under fire in Wisconsin as nowhere else. The State Board of Public Affairs is investigating the University, and the Legislature is distinctly hostile.

The usefulness of the university extension movement now needs as little witness here as it did in England when Cambridge lent Richard G. Moulton to this country. A generation ago it was widely believed that, in competition with cheaper, more direct agencies —education at institutes, public libraries, travelling libraries and pictures, educational clubs, and vacation schools—university extension had an unpromising future. It was limited by the great distances to be traversed by university men, already overworked, by want of funds and suitable lecturers, and by the demands of academic service on the college premises. Yet in 1913 the Bureau of Education reported over fifty institutions engaged in extension work, including many of the older Eastern colleges. Columbia and Chicago serve thousands in their respective cities, while universities like Minnesota and California reach every corner of their States. The dangers that have arisen have been as unexpected in kind as was this expansion. When extension teaching was first undertaken on a large scale it was feared that it would impair the intellectual prestige of the college, by extending its scope to persons unfitted to matriculate. It has rather increased it. There was a feeling, also, that it might stimulate the practical development of the universities while stunting their liberal aspirations. President Van Hise, for example, made the point: "How far elementary and secondary education shall be dominated by technical, industrial, and agricultural tendencies is of concern to the universities, as well as the danger that the highest ideals of the universities themselves may be lost in the attempt to follow popular demand. The universities should be with the people, but at the head." In some places the do-everything-reach-everybody ecstasy has plainly wrought injury. But the universities in general have achieved practical breadth and yet conserved the old standards. In some cases, extramural work has increased the richness and attractiveness of intramural traditions.

Yet these rocks have been avoided only by the most careful piloting. A guard is always required to prevent inherent dangers from becoming threatening. The resources required for extension have sometimes sapped other work. The acceptance of correspondence courses as an equivalent for work in college has led to many abuses. But the gravest evil is the attempt to make the university —especially the State and municipal university—the instrument of too much. Certain Western universities have perfected one highly effective variety of extension teaching: the combination of correspondence study with class work, applied under a system of district organization. In mining districts, mining engineering is thus taught; in industrial districts, shop mathematics, machine construction, and related branches; in commercial centres, business courses; and on the farm, agricultural subjects. But when it is proposed, as by one institution in recent years, to organize every community in the State around a local centre, to put in charge of each an officer recognized and paid as would be the town clerk or the constable, and to hold weekly programmes under the guidance of the university, devoted successively to national, State, local, and social affairs, it must be felt that extension ambition has o'erleaped itself. We have no sympathy with the animus of the investigation at Wisconsin; but it is significant that one of its main springs seems to be irritation with precisely this kind of activity.

Extension education responds so readily to certain of our national demands that any growth of abuses must be regarded seriously. In England there has been catering to a flashy dilettantism; people in thus absorbing learning come to "grudge the throes" of personal effort. The extension lecture makes the thing so easy, so inviting; in a few hours they can steal the wealth amassed by years of effort, and "vanquish Berkeley with a grin." With us the business-like administration of extension work and the zeal of the student lead to more desirable results. But caution and sound methods must be the watchword.

# Chronicle of the War

On Monday the British Admiralty announced the sinking of the German light-armored cruiser Dresden. The Dresden, which was the only German vessel to escape destruction when Admiral Count von Spee's squadron was defeated off the Falkland Islands, was caught by the British cruisers Glasgow and Kent and the auxiliary cruiser Orama in the Pacific Ocean, near Juan Fernandez Island, on March 14, and surrendered after five minutes' fighting. Subsequently her magazine exploded and she sank. All of her crew are reported saved, fifteen of them badly wounded. The British ships report no casualties and no damage. The destruction of the Dresden and the probable internment of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich at Newport News will leave only two of the German commerce destroyers on the high seas, the cruiser Karlsruhe and the auxiliary cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm.

During the past week the German submarines have renewed their activity in the "war zone," beginning on March 9 by sinking three British vessels, with a loss of thirty-seven lives. In the course of the next four days eight more British ships were torpedoed, and on march 11 the British auxiliary cruiser Bayano was sunk off the west coast of Scotland. The destruction of the war vessel is, of course, a feather in the cap of the German navy. So far as attacks on British commerce go, however, the results of another week of feverish activity merely confirm the impression we stated last week as to the futility of the German submarine "blockade." The cessation of submarine activity that preceded these latest attacks shows that only by supreme effort can Germany maintain the semblance of even an intermittent blockade. Her *unterseeboten* must return to their base to rest and refit, and it would appear that she does not possess a sufficient number of sub-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marines having a wide cruising radius to keep her flotilla continuously in action. On the other hand, the risks encountered are great. The U-12 was sunk by a British destroyer on March 10, and from Copenhagen have come several reports, which must be accepted with reserve, but are very possibly true, of the failure of submarines, not officially reported lost, to return to their base.

---

At no time have we seen more clearly than during the past few weeks the interdependence of the western and eastern campaigns. When Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, early in February, engaged in his great drive which compelled the Russian retreat from East Prussia and threatened to carry his offensive on into Poland beyond Przasnysz and Ossowiec, his move was countered not only in Poland by the Russians, but in northern France by the troops of Gen. Joffre. About the middle of February a strong French offensive was begun in the Champagne district, its main object being to compel the Germans to concentrate a large body of troops and powerful artillery in this region and so prevent the sending of reinforcements to the eastern front. French and German accounts naturally differ in their estimates of the success of this operation. The German account, published on March 10, emphasized the enormous losses suffered by the French troops and declared that the operations had been a complete failure and had come to an end on that day. The French official report, published on the following day, retaliated in kind concerning losses, and asserted that the object of the operations had been fully attained. Of the relative losses incurred on either side it is impossible to form any estimate, but in other respects the facts speak for themselves. The German offensive in Poland, which had appeared irresistible, came to a sudden end at the close of last month and was to some extent counteracted by Russian victories at Przasnysz and Grodno. The French, meanwhile, have gained ground in the Champagne district, have consolidated the positions won, and, so far from having brought the operations to an end on March 10, still report progress.

---

The formidable offensive of the British, in the Béthune district, reported during the past week, is explained on similar grounds. When we wrote last week, we drew attention to the development of a German offensive in Poland south of the Vistula. That move appears to have been a feint of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg to mask another attack from East Prussia, which in the middle of last week assumed considerable proportions, Ossowiec and Przasnysz again being seriously threatened. Then came the powerful British drive in the direction of Lille, which has penetrated a distance of some four miles on a two-mile front to a point across the Les Layes brook beyond Neuve Chapelle. It is significant of the business that has been engrossing the Allies during the relative inactivity of the winter months that we read of this assault being preceded by a terrific artillery fire. The Brtish offensive is important in itself, as it threatens to cut the main road of communication between Lille and La Bassée at Fournes, as well as indicating the presence in France and their readiness for the firing line of strong reinforcements both of men and of guns; but its main importance is probably to be found in the check which the renewed German offensive in Poland has received.

# Foreign Correspondence

## ENGLAND AFTER SIX MONTHS OF WAR —A PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, February 23.

The superficial results of the war in the ordinary haunts of the mere civilian are comparatively few. Now that we have got a little used to the state of war, we eat, drink, and sleep very much as we did a year ago. Some familiar faces are missing, some of us are more healthily busy than we used to be, our taxicabs bear appeals to our young men, our streets are darker at night, our social gatherings are fewer and simpler. But it is quite conceivable that a visitor from Mars, dropped into a suburban community like Hampstead, might live there many days, or even weeks, before he realized that he was in a country engaged in a titanic military struggle.

But take the top off the ant-hill, and a world of seething change appears below the surface. The whole psychological atmosphere of the country has been transformed. The tokens of this, small and great, are innumerable. One of the most striking, to those of us who have tended to be mainly associated with causes and movements unpopular in "society," is the disappearance of sectional barriers, revealing a limitless and partitionless platform, on which we perform all the gyrations of life in mingling, indiscriminate companies. The psychological effect of finding one's self at once on common ground with practically everybody one meets is at first curiously bewildering. The High Tory lion lies down with the Radical lamb. If military ardor be righteous, then truly have righteousness and peace kissed each other. One's Conservative friends protest loudly against any nagging of the Liberal Government, and express their delight that the management of affairs is in the capable hands of an Asquith and a Grey. The most ardent supporters of personal liberty congratulate themselves on being overruled by War-Lord Kitchener, and placidly resign themselves, in the interests of the Greater Liberty, to the loss of minor liberties exemplified in the censor's opening of their private letters, the darkening of the streets, the enormous inroads on their pockets, and the restriction of their right to drink whiskey in their clubs at midnight. No one seems to feel that these interferences with the personal life involve any call for a Hampden or a Pym.

Thus, too, the democratization of the army goes on apace, with the granting of hundreds of commissions to "rankers," and its pipe-clay military spirit must surely be strongly modified by the enormous influx of the non-professional soldier. One of the richest men in the House of Commons is serving as a private soldier; and an amusing newspaper correspondence has been started by a lady, one of whose sons is an officer and one a private, asking whether it would or would not be right for her to walk out with both of them at once. I imagine this problem would be settled without hesitation (but in opposite ways) in Germany and in France; but in transitional England it remains a real problem.

It seems paradoxical to assert that our country is at this moment filing a new claim to the somewhat forgotten title of "Merrie England," but in a sense this is almost literally true. Our French Allies seem to have been immensely struck by the *gaieté de cœur* of Tommy Atkins in the field (just as we, too, have been struck by the somewhat unexpected gravity, pertinacity, and "dourness" of Piou-Piou), and the tale of wounded officers returned from the front, and of all hospital and ambulance attendants, is unanimous as to the quite superhuman cheerfulness of the British private soldier in the most untoward conditions. One is now hardly surprised to hear, for example, that the wag of the dangerous ward has had to be removed to the convalescent department of the hospital, on account of the bandage-shifting and temperature-raising effect of the laughter caused by his sallies. The stock-phrase of the private soldier's letter from the front is, "hoping this will find you, as it leaves me at this present, in the pink"—the "pink" often standing for three feet of icy water in a muddy trench.

Never have I seen so generally diffused a spirit of human-kindness. Springs of good will to one's neighbors, usually buried beneath thick layers of British reserve, have been tapped in every direction. Every one helps every one else, without stopping to think of his political economy, and the very word "pauperize" has temporarily vanished from the vocabulary. And, curiously enough, this spreading of good will among ourselves is not counterbalanced (so much, at least, as one would expect) by expressed hatred for our foes. Apart from a certain class of newspapers and their readers, there seems to be comparatively little hatred of the Germans themselves, as contrasted with their Government and their leaders. Rather, I should say, the predominant feeling is one of regret that such a good stock as that of the Teuton should be handicapped and hypnotized by so reactionary and anachronistic a Government. Such venom as there is comes mainly from the cloistered and closeted classes. The active combatant seems to regard his opponent with a mingling of respect and humor. The naval officers of the British cruisers at Rosyth have given the names of "Karl" and "Fritz" to two German submarines frequently found lurking off the Firth of Forth; and "as for Karl," said one of them, "we have him so tame that he eats out of our hand."

Some natures appear to require an enormously strong stimulus to evoke the full dynamic force of their potential energy. It seems as if this great struggle had the power of converting cynical and self-indulgent young men, who might otherwise have come to little good, into centres and leaders of responsible activity. From this point of view, even after allowing for the very obvious debit side of the account, it is possible to argue that the fund of "character" in the nation is now greater than it has been for generations past. Large numbers of men, formerly immersed in somewhat sordid preoccupation with small comforts and luxuries, or the prudent preservation of life itself, are now, in this welter of new ideas and emotions, offering and sacrificing themselves with a certain everyday lightness of spirit that forbids undue sentimentality on the part of the agonized army of those who stay at home. What will be the final outcome, none can tell; but surely we shall have something of the recreation of moral values prophetically demanded by Friedrich Nietzsche.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# France Under Fire

By STODDARD DEWEY.

[This is the third of four articles on contemporary France which Mr. Dewey is contributing to the *Nation*. The first and second appeared in the issues of February 11 and March 4, respectively.]

PARIS, February 10.

It is now more than six months since Germany invaded France unexpectedly. The invading army was stronger than any the world had yet seen, both in numbers and completeness of organization and preparation. After the first month's advance, the invaders were thrust back and have been held along a line reaching from the Swiss frontier to the Belgian coast. The Germans continue to occupy some ten departments or one-twentieth of the territory of France; but the proportion of the population thus subjected to the hardships of invasion is much higher. These months have been passed by the opposing armies in one long, active siege—a "siege of France as a fortress" according to the German commander, Gen. von Falkenhayn, and a siege of the intrenched invading army incapable of further advance and resisting expulsion from French territory according to the French commander, Gen. Joffre.

The dispute, like the war which will end it, concerns us here only as it relates to the mind and will of the French people, while it is going on. Foreigners the least well disposed towards France commonly agree that their expectations have been disappointed. The French people, like its armies, has accredited itself before a surprised world.

To avoid going into history which has yet to be written, let us take the popular movement at the crest of its successive waves during these troublous months. It is not surprising that it should differ essentially from the corresponding impression-line among foreigners, even though these were on the spot. For these could only read their own outside sensitiveness into French souls that were impressed quite otherwise.

The first shock to the popular feeling was the general mobilization order. This practically called to arms every able-bodied young and middle-aged man of France. Compulsory service from the age of twenty to twenty-three years, with recurring periods for continued training, familiarized every one with the machinery of this national summons. Germany, too, regardless of any moral effect of her actions excepting fear, had for years been training Frenchmen to expect war sooner or later.

Through the provinces, the order was carried out with the utmost regularity and calm. Haymakers from the fields and factory workmen from the towns, employers and employees, servants and waiters, and well-to-do patrons crowded together on the railway trains, for which all other transport in the country was suspended. Those who saw this gathering of great armies and listened understandingly know that the spirit which prevailed was that of courageous men, resolved to do their duty and resigned to whatever must be—*puisqu'il le faut!* And this extended to the women and children who came to see their men and breadwinners, husbands and sons and fathers, march off to new and untried war.

Paris, so far as it is French, is little more than a unified and glorified province; and it did not show a different spirit. Noise there was bound to be where something so startlingly new was going on among four million people. There was nothing like the excited crowds of 1870, crying "On to Berlin!" Foreign hunters for news suiting their preconceptions had temporary satisfaction in the breaking open and sacking of a few shops German in name or notoriety. To their lasting disappointment, this lawless agitation had no morrow. The courts disclosed that it was mainly due to half-criminal elements of the population of a great city. Parisians knew all along that the real people of Paris had their minds on other things than riot and plunder.

It was only after the first fatigues of battle had been felt that one disedifying example was given under fire—and this, too, has not been repeated. A couple of battalions or so had been made up of Syndicalists for the most part—workmen from towns of the South of France where International Revolution had been most active and verged closest on Anarchism. These few acted for one day as the enemies of France confidently predicted large portions of the French army would act commonly. Even now the particulars of their insubordination are little known, except that all was exaggerated in itself and in its effects. It passed quickly; it has been the only incident of the kind during this long war, and it was long since atoned for. On this first of February, the heads of the Syndicalist "C. G. T.," or General Confederation of Labor, while they persist in considering war "the most abominable of social crimes," declare they do not forget that "the essential condition of social progress is the inviolability of the independence of peoples."

From the beginning, the minds of the people of France were made up to endure a prolonged war, if need be. No one can doubt this who talked with French people at the time and did not limit his horizon to hotels and cafés and to vaguely staring at the Boulevard. The liveliest preoccupation of these first days of war was to get money in hand against dangers impossible to foresee clearly. The run on banks and the inordinate demand and refusal of "change" were no worse in Paris than in Geneva. And in France the money panic—which was never a panic of credit, but solely a cry for money in the hand—was over first.

It is not too much to say that France, from Government down, was financially unprepared for war. Except for the Bank of France, which had kept unswervingly to its prudent policy of amassing gold during many years, the financial institutions of the country were not ready for the sudden need. Only in the depths of the people, some inherited instinct had led families to hoard up gold as in other days of sudden wars.

The measures taken by the Government to safeguard the financial situation might well have produced popular commotion if the French people had been what their enemies counted on their being. Of so long and complicated a matter, it is sufficient to remember here that the "moratorium," or suspension of debt-paying, was applied ruthlessly in France—"to prevent universal bankruptcy," it has been said. The measures taken by the English Government insured the continuance of commercial operations by guaranteeing banks against loss; but such measures were impossible in France. The moratorium was a handy panacea, but it has proved only less obnoxious than the evil it was intended to remedy. Yet French credit has remained intact, and French commerce is gradually surmounting its difficulties.

The French banknote, in spite of its multiplication as forced currency, has been at a premium from the start. In September, Herr Havenstein, president of the Imperial Bank of Germany, boasted that their financial mobilization for war had been "thought out and prepared down to the final details by all the institutions concerned"; and that "there was no breakdown, no leakage, or none that could have been foreseen in time of peace." Yet the German banknote has been down from 10 to 15 points below par since the beginning of hostilities. This superiority of France, not foreseeing in time of peace because ignorant that war was coming, would have been impossible if the French as a people were what their enemies thought. It is worth recalling that, under severer strain at the end of the war of 1870, they possessed the same reserves of strength.

Unexpectedly, it happened that the German armies had to cross over the dead bodies of Belgians before reaching their French enemy. During these weeks of August, when impressions were freshest and strongest, France did little that was spectacular except for a quickly spent demonstration of French armies along the edges of the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The very gradual arrival of English reinforcements, with all their good work, was insufficient to reassure the population against the continued advance of the invading army on Paris. This was preceded by an advance host of fugitives telling of bloody battles around Charleroi and Mons, of retreat and ruthless devastation.

By all foreign rules, the populace of Paris should have risen up in wild dismay—and, in fact, newspaper correspondence was filled with Parisians storming railway trains leaving every few minutes to convey them to safety, yet inadequate to their panic demands. Naturally, the military authorities did their best to get rid of as many useless mouths as possible when Paris might be subjected to a siege. In reality, the exodus, comprising at most one-fourth of the population of Greater Paris, and including foreign-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers, scarcely touched the "people" who make and preserve France. These looked on and made no sign. A cabinet-maker setting up my bookcases expressed their mind: "The rich are leaving—we stay."

The people had their satisfaction shortly. Ten thousand Paris autocabs, left unemployed, were suddenly crowded with soldiers who had been concentrated in the fortified camp of Paris and rushed them off to turn back with their unforeseen help the tide of invasion. It was only twenty miles away; it was pushed back to seventy. After this decisive battle of the Marne, the "rich" who had not trusted slowly dribbled back through October. Life in Paris has gone on as before, except that its cosmopolitan luxury and gayety have disappeared—and fashions have given way to sober colors, among which black has become frequent.

In so summary an account it is impossible to bring forward all that is significant in the steady, unchanging attitude of the civil population of France towards war. The men fighting at the front account for themselves. Politicians have suffered the incompetence and inefficiency which they had been installing in the army to be weeded out; and France, in her private and her public life, was never so united. Schoolboys from fifteen to seventeen are everywhere being trained in real battalions and with real guns by veteran officers; and they and their people are ready for the moment when they may have to take the empty places under fire.

It remains to speak of the popular impression made by news of the killed and wounded. Besides the inevitable miseries of all war, this is avowedly waged by the invaders in a way to strike utmost terror into the French heart. It has been all in vain. The French as a people are cheerily answering every call of their Government, in men and money and provisions and all possible cooperation. I prefer taking the testimony of another who is competent and has made thorough investigation—the more so as he plainly recognizes the unpreparedness of France for such a war. It is Prof. Baldo Rossi, vice-president of the Committee of Milan of the Italian Red Cross. He says by way of conclusion:

> My impression is that the present sanitary organization of France is really excellent—although defects of preparation may be noticed. These have been met by Government with that admirable energy of which the French are capable in critical moments. It is enough to cite what has been done in Lyons, where 25,000 beds have been prepared. These are distributed, not only in hospitals, but in private houses spontaneously offered by their owners. This may give an idea of the spirit of the French population and authorities at this time.

Their spirit towards interested persuasions that war should be ended before reparation of justice is made may be gathered from a final instance. It is repeated daily in the experience of those living under fire. And it is a lesson for those who, untouched themselves, whimper over carnage in the name of Peace and do their utmost to risk perpetual war. A French lady, clad in her mourning, sought audience of a Minister of State, to whom she said:

> I had three sons. Two have been killed; the third is in the trenches. My life is broken. At least, try to see that all this does not go for nothing—that hereafter French mothers may not have to suffer what I suffer.

The mind of the working people is expressly declared, on this first of February, by the Socialist group of Besançon, an industrial city which is in the military zone and has become one vast hospital:

> In full accord with the central organization of our party, with its Parliamentary group and with Citizens Guesde and Sembat, its delegates in Government, we protest with energy against certain individual initiatives originating with personalities who are foreign to the Socialist party and who, by a propaganda of misrepresentation in favor of peace, make themselves the unwitting agents of Prussian militarism.
>
> We esteem that the only possible peace is one founded on the right of peoples and on the destruction of German Imperialism—by the complete and decisive victory of France and her Allies.

# Book Notes and Byways

## HENRY VAUGHAN.

### UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, WITH A COMMENTARY.

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

### PART II.

John Aubrey evidently did not hear from Vaughan again for more than two years. A letter from him to Wood (Tanner MS. 456, f. 19) is dated November 27, 1675, and in the course of it occurs this sentence: "Tell [Dr. Plot] that I have writt out for him the Natural History of Wiltshire and of Surrey, and a sheet or two of other counties, and am now sending to my cosen Hen. Vaughan (Silurist, Olor Is.) in Brecknockshire, to send me the Natural History of it, as also of other circumjacent counties: no man fitter." The distinctive term, "Silurist," of Vaughan's own use and choice, is one long since made clear by his successive editors. Aubrey's alternative of "Olor Iscanus" is interesting proof that Vaughan was so known to his contemporaries, from his secular poems published under that title in 1651; a title emphasized by the charmingly engraved frontispiece of a great swan sailing up-stream between rows of April tulips and wild narcissus, under just such evergreens and flowering chestnuts, filled with bees, as still adorn every year the banks of Usk. It is too complimentary a title to have been given by himself to his reserved Muse; and as a matter of fact, we know that the little book was edited by others and printed over his head. Aubrey had called upon his allied Swan, far away, to do something "specialist," fired, no doubt, by the really splendid activities of many of his friends in the Royal Society, and particularly by the researches of Dr. Robert Plot, of Magdalen College. Vaughan, as much scholar as singer, was not loath to help. His answer (Aubrey MS. 13, f. 337) is the first of his letters dated at the beginning, after the modern fashion. Over against its opening lines is Aubrey's pencilled scribble: "Cast their Nativities." Like most men in that cultivated and credulous age, and, indeed, more than most men, John Aubrey loved a horoscope. Neither "Vaughan Se." nor "Vaughan Ju." figures, however, among his astrological memoranda or *libri geniturarum* preserved in Oxford. Vaughan's passing reference to "my occasions in Glamorganshire" show what were his equestrian rounds as a country doctor. One can picture him on his hardy Welsh pony, drenched in the mountain mists, close-hatted, big-cloaked, riding alone, and looking abroad with those mild eyes which were a naturalist's for earth and sky, and a mystic's for the spiritual world.

Brechon, Decemb. 9th —75

HONOURED COUSIN:

Your lre of the 27th of November I received butt the last week, my occasions in Glamorganshire having detained me there the best part of the month. how wellcom it was to me (after your long silence) I will not goe about to express, butt assure you that noe passages which I have the honour sometymes to receive from very worthie persons, refresh me soe much, nor have so dear an entertainment as yours.

That my dear brothers name (and mine) are revived, and shine in the Historie of the Universitie is an honour we owe unto your care and kindness; and realie, dear Cousin! I am verie sensible of it, and have gratefull reflections upon an Act of so much love, and a descendinge from yor great acquaintance and Converse to pick us up, that lay so much below you.

'Tis a noble and excellent Designe that yor learned friend Dr. Plott hath now in hand, and I returne you my humble and hearty thanks for communicating it with me. I shall take care to assist him with a short account of natures Dispensatorie here, and in order to it, I beg you will acquaint me with the order of his writinge.

I am in great haste, and beg yor pardon for this short and rude returne to yor kind letter: butt (dear Sr) accept of my love, and all the effects it can produce in a gratefull heart, which none hath more than, Honoured Cousin,

Your most obliged, affectionate friend and servant, H. VAUGHAN.

This is written on one side of a sheet of paper, folded but not addressed, and therefore it must have been enclosed, as was the letter following, in an outer sheet.

"The Natural History of Oxfordshire, by R. P., LLD." was duly printed "at the Theatre, Oxford" (*i. e.*, by the University Press), in 1677; and it was followed in 1686 by "The Natural History of Staffordshire." Scientific folios of that time have a trick of delightfulness; and these are no exceptions to the rule. The appearance of the earlier one reminded Aubrey of Vaughan's apparently unfulfilled request for data, and he takes occasion to pass on the responsibility of procuring them to Wood, at his Merton Street hermitage, in a letter (now Ballard MS. 14, f. 80) written in March, 1680, Old Style:

"When you see Dr. Plott minde him to send me halfe a dozen printed Queres, wch I would send to my cosen Hen: Vaughan in Brecknockshire, whom I have engaged to follow his method. He has great and the only Practise there, and may *una fidelia duas dealbare parietes*. He is very fitt for [it]." But a month later conscientious Aubrey has to return to the charge, sending again through Wood his "service and respects" to Dr. Plot, and asking for a detailed schedule for "my cosen, who may and will write a Naturall History of those Parts: Dr. Plott promised to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

send these to me, but has forgot it." Meanwhile Aubrey, on his own account, must have made inquiries of some other nature, if we are to judge from Vaughan's response (Aubrey MS. 13, f. 338), which stands as follows:

Brechon, June 28th
—680.

MOST HONOURED COUSIN:

Yours of the 17th of May came not to Brechon till June was pretty far in, and then was I a great way from home. Last week, calling there in my return, I joyfullie received yours, and shall endeavour withal possible speed to perform yor desire. I shall not omitt the most curious search that can be made into such distant and obscure nativities wch none then tooke care to record, and few are now alive that have them in memorie. If in my attendance upon (rather than speculations into) Nature, I can meet with any thing that may deserve the notice of that learned and Honourable Societie,* I shall humblie present you with it, and leave it whollie to your Censure and disposal.

That the most serious of our profession have not only an unkindness for, butt are persecutors of Astrologie, I have more than once admired:† but I find not this ill-humour amongst the Antients so much as the modern physicians: nor amongst them all, neither. I suppose they have not travelled so far, and having once entered upon the practise, they were loath to leave off, and learn to be acquainted with another world. for my owne part, (though I could never ascend higher) I had butt little affection to the skirts and lower parts of learning, where every hand is graspinge, and so little to be had; but neither nature nor fortune favoured my ambition. I am only happy in yor Condescensions, who cease not to oblige me in the highest maner that the most deserving and eminent persons could expect. I never was of such a magnitude as could invite you to take notice of me, and therefore I must owe all these favours to the generous measures of yor owne free and excellent spirit. Sr, I can make no Returns proportionable to such matchless affections and merits, butt this I dare assure you, that if any thing happens wherein I may serve you, then I will (without reserves or exceptions) lett you see that nothing hath bine heer written butt what was first sincerely resolved upon by, Honoured Sr,

Your most obliged, most affectionate, and most faithful servant, H. VAUGHAN.

Expect the best account I can give you, within this fortnight.

The foregoing is written on a double sheet of paper folded in three and again in three, and on the covering is inscribed: "To his worthily honoured Cousin John Aubrey, Esq., att Mr. Hookes Lodgings in Gresham College, London: Humblie these." The whole is sealed in red wax, still beautifully fresh, with a wyvern on a wreath, a crest not the writer's own, though it may have been that of his mother's family. "The best account I can give you" is about what? and did it ever reach the man who would have been so glad of it? There are lost manuscripts of Aubrey's: we cannot answer for this one. Vaughan's letter of 1680, just quoted, is the most intimate of them all, and yet how shadowy, how ghostly, and unexplicit! How washed into formlessness (enough to distract our modern journalists!), partly by a Christianized stoicism, partly by the current ornate phrasing of a language which then, or never, was "given to man to conceal his thoughts"! Just as some sad little confidence or other seems about to illuminate that reference to the aspirations and disappointments of his younger years, Vaughan suddenly wheels into the abhorred idiom of polite society: "I am only happy in yor Condescensions." He was intensely sincere, he was most sensitively affectionate, but in character far more English than Welsh. You might be Henry Vaughan's "honoured Cosen" for several lifetimes before you should know much more about him than his courtly and irreproachable bow and signature. By 1681 the archetypal Plot had jotted down the headings or general lines of literary procedure, which had first been begged from him six years before. "If you see Dr. Plott," says Aubrey to Wood on April 2 of the year just named, "tell him I thank him kindly for his queres he sent me, which I send to my cos. H. Vaughan . . . to doe Brecknockshire according to his method." (Wood MS. F. 39, f. 358.) Vaughan was now in his sixtieth year: "extream olde," as ages went then! It looks much as if the Natural History of Brecknockshire is not dead, but was unborn. Those who best know the exquisite quality of Henry Vaughan's prose will regret most that we have no wise and winning treatise from his pen which might, by consanguinity of subject and treatment, stand on the student's shelf with Evelyn and White of Selborne, and with Jefferies and Thoreau.

There is one particularly long interlude between the acts of the Vaughan-Aubrey correspondence. It follows after 1681, lasting for six years without sign or sound, and for two remaining years, with only the vaguest suggestions of future intercommunication. In 1687 Wood was still busily cutting his way through a forest of detail towards the completion of his splendidly efficient "Athenae Oxonienses." From early in October of that year, down to the February of 1689, he wrote persistently to Henry Vaughan (noting the dates in his diary) for information about Sir John and Sir Edward Stradling, and about Dr. John David Rhys. No answer came. Meanwhile the ever-serviceable Aubrey, who was as good-natured as Goldsmith and much more painstaking, was doing his part. He had agreed in October, 1688, to "send to my cos. Henry Vaughan forthwith," not forgetting to insert that helpful word even in one of the saddest of his letters, packed full of private trouble. By June he is not only able to report to Wood that a letter had gone duly to Henry Vaughan on "that very day yt ye Pr. of Orange came to London;* but I never received answer. He was wont to be free enough of his Pen. I will write to him again." In September, 1689, recording the fact that he had written in June, as he promised, Aubrey still "much wonders" at "my cos." But the delinquent had reported directly to Wood. On Lady Day of that year, sealed with the wyvern crest as before, arrived at Wood's door the long-expected letter, one of the grave, leisurely sheets full of grace and void of fact, which stand in such contrast to his own dry stenographic methods. (Wood MS. F. 45, f. 68.)

WORTHY SR:

I received your leter in the declination of a tedious and severe sickness with a very slow recovery; but as soon as I can get abroad, I will contribute all I can to give satisfaction to yor Inquiries, and specialy about the learned Dr. John David Rhesus: a person of great and curious learning, butt had the unhappiness to sojourn heer in an age that understood him not. for the Stradlings I shall imploy a learned friend I have in Glamorganshire, to pick up what memorials remain of them in those parts. I received a leter in the beginning of my sicknes from my Cousin John Awbrey about these inquiries you make now, and writt by him in yor behalf; butt it was my misfortune to continue so very weak, and such a forlorn Clinic, that I could not to this day return him an answer. If you intend a second edition of the Oxford-historie, I must give you a better account of my brothers books and mine, wch are in the first much mistaken, and many omitted. I shall be very careful of what you have recommended to my trust, and shall in anything els, with much cheerfullnes and fidelity pay you the respects and service due to a person of such public and obliging deserts. I am sincerely, Sr, Your most affectionate and very willing servant,

HEN. VAUGHAN.

Newton St. Brigets within three miles of Brechon, March 25th, 1689.

To the reverend his honoured friend Mr. Antonie Wood att his lodgings in Merton College in Oxford: Present this.

The detailed dating of this letter again reckons miles according to the local custom. Newton is five and a half miles from Brecon, by English measurement. Vaughan's books are rather capriciously dated "Newton-by-Usk," which is misleading. Such a superscription would have taken a letter then, and would take it now, to Usk, a town twenty miles lower down the river. "Newton-by-Usk" is not even distinctive, as it would apply in the first instance to that other and far more famous Newton, the seat of the Games family, situated just above Brecon, and even nearer to the bank of the stream. But "Newton St. Brigets," though unrecognizable in its own locality, was at any rate a unique label.

Vaughan's sickness was a long one, since Aubrey's letter of December, 1688, marked its "declination," yet that received by Wood in March 1689, did not chronicle its disappearance. We have other evidences, such as those in several of his verses, in the Preface of "Silex Scintillans," 1655, and that of "Flores Solitudinis," 1653, and yet again in an unpublished document of 1662, that Henry Vaughan was "a forlorn Clinic" for much of his life, and like many and many another high spirit of the literary craft, had to battle constantly with physical infirmity.

There were deeper reasons for his sadness and silence during this last year of the reign of King James. Domestic trouble of the most bitter and sordid kind came upon Vaughan to darken his old age; he had to face, without apparent cause, difficulties such as Milton in part drew upon himself: the fixed hostility of two of the children of his first marriage. Throughout 1689-1695, Thomas and Catherine Vaughan did their best, in pursuance of their selfish interests, to break their father's heart: the daughter, at least, as is shown by extant legal procedures, stopped at no calumny or misrepresentation, and can only be excused on the consideration that a malformed body had warped her moral sense. The melancholy avaricious details of the whole business are to be gathered from some hitherto never-quoted and never-printed local records. Even after her father's death, Catherine Vaughan appears in court, making claims upon her stepmother and stepbrother which do not seem to be just.

The five letters hitherto printed, and the last one copied in this article, which were written by Vaughan to Wood and Aubrey, have lain safely in the Bodleian ever since Wood bequeathed to it his manuscripts, more than two hundred years ago. The sixth in order of time, about to be cited, strayed somehow from the series long ago, wandered uncalendared among the grimiest print-shops of London, and was, during the spring of 1910, picked up by a gentleman who eventually restored it to the University Library. The

*The Royal Society, of which Aubrey was a Fellow.

† *i. e.*, wondered at.

*William arrived in the capital December 18, 1688.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

date is exactly a month later than that of the letter just given, and lets us know who the "learned friend in Glamorganshire" was. Archdeacon Williams, hitherto a lost figure, is possibly, even probably (for he was then Archdeacon of Brecon, the neighbor and almost necessarily the friend and patient of Henry Vaughan), the prefatory "I. W." and the poetical "J. W." of "Thalia Rediviva." He may even have induced Vaughan to publish that book, and carried it through for him: "I. W." on the printed page has a very proprietary air! Judging from the date of his M.A. degree, 1672, he must have been by many years Vaughan's junior. He had a great reputation as a scholar. It will be noticed how Vaughan reiterates a complaint of the shortcomings of his own and his brother's bibliographies in "the Latin Edition of the history of Oxford," otherwise the "Athenae": yet for these shortcomings he himself had been wholly accountable. It is a satisfaction that he came to recognize the need of a better statement of "what passed into the presse from me"!

April 25th,
—89.

Worthy Sr

I receiued yours by our Carrier & in order to give som satisfaction to yor Quaeres about the Stradlings: I have sent a letter to my learned friend Mr. John Williams (sometimes of Jesus College) now Archdeacon of Cardigan, from whom I expect a good account.

As for John David Rhesus, I find by your last letter that you are like to run into a great mistake, when you take him for the authour of the welch Dictionarie:* wch he was not. Our Doctour John David Rhesus was not a Divine, butt a physician, & of the Roman communion. He took his degree at the university of Siena in Italy, where he had his Education & was *a person of great parts and curious learning.* This much for the prsent; you will have more hereafter. He wrott (indeed) the welch grammer & an Italian one dedicated to a Venetian Senatour, with som other *rare Tractates, wch are all lost.* butt the Authour of the welch Dictionary lived a great while after him & was of the same Communion with vs & a Dignitarie of this Church of England, as you have righly† recorded.

I doubt not butt my Cousen Awbreys leter from me gave (then) a true account of what I, or my brother had written & published. butt in the Latin Edition of the history of Oxford, I doe assure you, it is quite otherwise; butt I shall redress that.

With my hearty respects
I shall remain
Sr
Your very ready Servant
Hen. Vaughan.

Wood's rather scrappy account of "Dr. Rhoesus" (Ath. Oxon. II, 62) mentions Olor Iscanus as his source of information. John David Rhys was a man of real eminence, born in the year of England's breach with Rome, 1534. As he lived and died a Catholic, he naturally found that his only freedom from the persecuting laws enacted under Elizabeth lay in spending his best years on the Continent. Having taken his medical degree, he came home, long afterwards, to the Welsh hills, where he quietly practiced his profession, and ended his days on a small farm he had bought near Brecon, under the Beacons, by Llyncwmllwch. Here he completed his great work, "Cymræcæ Linguæ Institutiones," or the "British Grammar," which he dedicated to Sir Edward Stradling. Aubrey makes a note that this book, once in Jesus College Library, Oxford, was lent to Henry Vaughan at his own request (the circumstance is one of several, by the way, which prove that he read Welsh); and Vaughan, being human in the matter of borrowed books, had to be requested to return it! There is now no copy of the British Grammar, strangely enough, in that Library; but there is a private copy, bought at a bookstall, and much scrawled over by seventeenth-century owners, in the possession of Sir John Rhys, the Principal.

There is no very succinct account of the Stradling family of St. Donat's, Glamorganshire, either in the "Athenae Oxonienses" or elsewhere in print. Yet never did a fighting and a scholarly race produce men of more vital and winning character, or men better deserving a permanent record. Some one who has a feeling for old books of poetry and meditation, who likes to search for pedigrees and portraits, who would study a great house redeemed in our day from its enchanting ruin, who has knowledge of "the Warres," especially of Edgehill and Rowton, and the lesser skirmishes where the King's foot-regiments out of loyal Wales made romance as they marched and fell—some one who is longing, in fact, for an untrodden biographical field and has the training for it, should gather up the scattered memorials of three generations of these splendid Stradlings. Vaughan must have had with some of them a personal acquaintance. George, afterwards Dean of Chichester, and "an admirable Lutanist," was a contemporary Oxford undergraduate, having matriculated at Jesus College in the April of 1638; Sir Edward, the third Baronet, a distinguished antiquary, became, with his brothers Thomas and Henry, the head and front of every impulse in royalist South Wales. Sir Henry led the Welsh troops in 1644-45, and was taken prisoner after the scrimmage of Rowton Heath, where Vaughan himself, by his own evidence, was under arms with the young and beloved "R. W." of *Olor,* who perished in the fray.

In 1693 we get our last glimpse of the still busy country doctor. A certain unprinted deposition shows us that Vaughan's late neighbor and distant kinsman, Thomas Powell, of Maesmawr, had made a will, to which his attending physician was a witness. The will was opposed by Edward Games, on the ground that Powell was in no fit state of mind or body to draw it up. The Court called on Dr. Vaughan, who best knew his patient's condition, to describe it in detail, and he began to do so, dictating (of course, in English) to the clerk: "Henricus Vaughan testis p' ductus, juratus, & exaitus, aetatis suae 71 annor. aut eo circiter, dicit & deponit ut sequitur." What makes the dry process extremely interesting is that presently the clerk breaks off, and Vaughan himself, probably by request of the Court, takes the pen. This, notwithstanding that such a proceeding has been made illegal by a statute of King Charles II's reign! The deponent knew exactly how to go to work: had he not in his youth been familiar with all the business of the assizes, as "clerke to Sr Marmaduke Lloyd"? In his neat hand, he sets down one of those old medical reports which now read so quaintly to us, and ends it with his name.

Ten days later, on December 14, 1693, he has occasion to write to the Judge of the Brecon Circuit on a most painful family matter, then approaching its legal crisis. To print what he says in full would take us too far afield, into a gloss disproportionately large. But there is in this deeply pathetic letter one merely professional touch which is worth extracting. "I had wayted," Vaughan says, "upon your Lordship, butt my present engagemt with Mr. Serieant Le Hunt's Lady, who is most dangerously sick in a putrid fever with most malignant symptomes, [doth] detein me heer: and will, I hope, obtein yor pardon." The apology was written from Crickhowel, from the district where six happy years of Vaughan's boyhood had been spent under his loved schoolmaster, Matthew Herbert, then Rector of Llangattock, across the river. The invalid Mrs. Le Hunt died early in the new year, 1694. She was daughter and heiress of Sir John Herbert, Kt., of Dan-y-Castell, Crickhowel; and her kneeling effigy, beside her husband's, was once on her parents' tomb there in the chancel of the parish church, but is now missing.

After an interval of five years, Aubrey heard again, and at length, from his very intermittent correspondent. He took pains to copy the following letter into his *Templa Druidum,* now Bodl. MS. Top. Gen. c. 24, f. 112.

October 9th, —94.

Honoured Cousin:

I received yours, and should have gladly served you, had it bine in my power, butt all my search and consultations with those few that I could suspect to have any knowledge of Antiquitie came to nothing: for the antient Bards, though by the testimonie of their enemies, the Romans, a very learned societie, yet (like the Druids) they communicated nothing of their knowledge butt by way of tradition: wch I suppose to be the reason that we have no account left us, nor any sort of remaines or other monuments of their learning, or way of living. As to the later Bards, who were no such men, butt had a societie and some rules and orders among themselves, and several sorts of measures, and a kind of Lyric poetrie: wch are all sett down exactly in the learned John David Rhees or Rhesus his welch or British grammar: you shall have there in the later end of his book a most curious Account of them. This vein of poetrie they called Awen, which in their language signifies as much as Raptus, or a poetic furor, and in truth, as many of them as I have conversed with are, as I may say, gifted or inspired with it. I was told by a very sober and knowing person (now dead), that in his time there was a young lad father and motherless, and soe very poor that he was forced to beg, butt at last was taken up by a rich man that kept a great stock of sheep upon the mountains not far from the place where I now dwell, who cloathed him and sent him into the mountains to keep his sheep. There in summer time following the sheep, and looking to their lambs, he fell into a deep sleep, in wch he dreamt that he saw a beautiful young man with a garland of green leafs upon his head, and an hawk upon his fist, with a quiver full of Arrows att his back, coming towards him, whistling several measures of tunes all the way; and at last lett the hawk fly att him, wch (he dreamt) got into his mouth and inward parts; and [he] suddenly awaked in a great fear and consternation, butt possessed with such a vein or gift of poetrie, that he left the sheep, and went about the Countrey, making songs upon all occasions, and came to be the most famous Bard in all the Countrey in his time.

Dear Cousin, I should and would be very ready to serve you in anything wherein I may be usefull, or qualified to doe it; and I give you my heartie thanks for yor continued affection and kind remembrances of, Sr,

Your most obliged and faithfull servant,
Hen: Vaughan.

To his honoured friend and kinsman John Aubrey, Esqr present this. Leave this letter with the truly honoured and the most nobly accomplished Dr. Thomas Gale in S. Pauls Schoole, London.

Down the margin runs a note in Aubrey's well-known scrawl: "In Michael Psellus *De Daemonibus* is a story parallel to this of one that dreamt a crow flew into his mouth

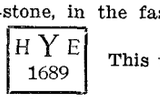
*Wood scrawls in self-defence in the margin: "I said no such thinge!"

†*Sic.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and entrails, whereby he had the gift of prophesie. See in the Life of Esop, cap. —, how he had been civil to Dianas Priests, and after had a dreame, that Diana came to him, and gave him Wisdom." Vaughan's account of the difficulty of knowing what were the specific beliefs, rites, and powers of the Druids is entirely borne out by O'Curry ("Manners and Customs," Vol. II, pp. 203, 221-2) and other modern authorities.

The charming vision of Apollo appeared to the young herdsman on the heights, "not far from the place where I now dwell." All his life Vaughan had lived in his birthplace, "Newton St. Brigets," or Trenewydd in Llansantffread. But in the year 1688-9 he had "for peace' sake" made over that estate to Thomas Vaughan, his eldest son; and the poet repaired for the occupation of himself and his wife (out of stone and timber taken from his ancestral lands) the small cottage at Scethrog, nearer Brecon, where he died. This cottage was unfortunately taken down as lately as 1904, having stood for some time untenanted, and in a ruinous condition. Over the lintel of the doorway originally stood a dedication-stone, in the fashion of the time, inscribed




This was in use as part of a wall, when the present writer was so fortunate, in May, 1895, as to discover and recognize it. It is now preserved hard by, as our only joint relic of Henry Vaughan and his second wife, Elizabeth Wise.

Six months after the date of this last letter to Aubrey, Vaughan was in his grave. In his parish churchyard hard by, an exquisitely romantic spot, he sleeps under an extant altar-tomb, shaded by a yew-tree. The epitaph ("servus inutilis, peccator maximus"), so often quoted in successive editions of his sacred verse, has been all but invariably lopped of its most distinctive phrase: "quod in sepulchrum voluit." The existence of that phrase shows a dutiful hand carrying out unflinchingly a request, and the hand was almost certainly that of Vaughan's son Henry. He was a priest of the Church of England, curate of Llansantffread, and rector of Penderyn. He seems to have been always loyal to his father, and may well have been with him, on that April day of 1695, when (to adapt Lockhart's immortal words) "the murmur of the [Usk] was distinctly audible over its pebbles," as "his [younger] son kissed and closed his eyes."

There is no lover of Vaughan's profound mind and haunting utterance who will not wish that these recovered documents of 1673-1694 had been of a more intimate nature, or had yielded us even one lyric stanza like those which have come to their full inheritance of appreciation within the last twenty years. By far the greater part of Vaughan's work was done before the Restoration, at which time he was thirty-eight years old. In default of more song, we may be grateful for any deepening of our acquaintance with one so mysteriously attractive, about whom practically nothing has hitherto been known. Elliptical, impersonal, incidental as are these letters to Aubrey and Wood and others, and in their nature almost merely bibliographical, they bear out, so far as they go, our best conceptions of Henry Vaughan, and show us glimpses of a character equal to his genius. They even tell us more of their writer than we know of any Jacobean or Caroline poet except Donne, Herbert, and Milton.

# Correspondence

## ZUKUNFTSKRIEG.

"Destructions are come to a perpetual end." —Ps. ix, 6.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On December 14 Petrograd reported that Gen. von Hetzendorf had proposed to the supreme military council of Austria the use of cholera-cultures as a weapon against the Russians and Servians. Count von Berchtold, it was said, threatened to resign his official charge were such a measure formally sanctioned, and it has since disappeared from the news.

Nevertheless, the idea is one of a depth and breadth alluring to the theoretic mind. The science of war has accomplished since the earliest times but two stages of progress—from that of the cut and thrust to that of the explosion. Is not that of the implanted disease the next? After mechanics and chemistry comes biology. The sword, the shell, the germ, form a logical sequence. At the present point of medical advance, the possession of a practical method of preventing and spreading tuberculosis would give a people willing to use it the mastery of the earth. Not the nation that first learns how to destroy the planet will dominate the world, as Renan expected, but the nation that first learns how to infect all others, while keeping itself immune. The bacillus will become the all-conquering mercenary. The war-automobile will give place to the bubonic rat and his like, the submarine to the infected crustacean, the aeroplane and the dirigible to the typhoid fly and the anopheles mosquito. The laboratory will be the new and deadlier Krupp works, the lecture-room and the operating amphitheatre the seats of military council. The supreme devotion that will weld a people into one will no longer be the common sacrifice of goods and life, but the common willingness to submit to the necessary inoculations. To the cry, "Aux armes!" will succeed "Aux seringues hypodermiques, citoyens!" Regret as we may the heroic exaltation of personal combat, the superior efficiency of war through animal substitutes is undeniable. At the end of the second stage of military evolution, war has come to be defined as the infliction upon others of the greatest amount possible of suffering and injury, physical, spiritual, and material, at the least possible risk to ourselves. What would better illustrate this definition than the dissemination of a dreadful disease by a nation able to render itself exempt?

A curious inversion of the "biological necessity" familiarized to the reading world of late by Gen. von Bernhardi would mark this third stage of the progress of war. In the new warfare by protozoic proxy the great nations would become the weak nations, and the small nations the strong. For the scientific secrets on which warfare would rest would be more surely kept by few than by many: the immunization of a small population would be more easily secured than that of a large one; yet the smaller people would be no less able than its larger neighbors to carry on the work of foreign infection. National growth would become a national menace, as that bodily growth may be which only provides an ampler feeding-ground for bacteria. A small, hardy, and intelligent race could not only keep all greater nations at bay, but terrorize them all into submission.

From this inversion of the national rôles of weak and strong a further curious result follows, which might even tend to end war itself by removing its chief cause. The nations that could best defend themselves and exterminate their neighbors would no longer need to do so, since to expand would be their ruin. In the future age of war by cultures no Germany need complain of any ring of steel preventing the growth in numbers in which its life consisted. Did a nation aspire to world-dominion, it would take care not to increase its population; and thus at ease within its borders would lose the main motive for world-dominion. In this singular backhanded fashion war would promise to end itself, becoming useless to those best able to wage it victoriously. The third act of the war-drama might thus be found the last. The fire that has swept humanity from time immemorial would die out for lack of fuel; and the world would perforce go its future way bereft of the source of moral inspiration which the apologists of war find alone in the process of mutual slaughter among men.

Th. Susurrus.

## MADDER AND DYE-STUFFS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Stoddard Dewey writes (*Nation*, February 11, p. 165) that one of the reasons for not adopting *réséda* in the French army was the influence of "members of Parliament whose constituents lived by furnishing the madder to dye the breeches." That *might* have been true forty years ago, and then applied to the Department of Vaucluse, in which most of the French madder was grown. But since chemical dye-stuffs, particularly alizarine, have been generally used madder has practically disappeared from Vaucluse. The result was a severe crisis, which culminuated about 1880. Then the good Vaucluse peasants began to grow vegetables and fruit; they are now more prosperous than before—at least in normal times, when they find a good market for their *primeurs*.

S. Reinach.

Saint Germain-en-Laye, France, February 25.

## IMMIGRATION TREATIES: ABROGATION AND VIOLATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial on "The Exclusionist Spirit" the first point to be noticed is your apparent identification of the abrogation of a treaty by act of Congress with certain "violations" of recent memory. This seems to me unfortunate and misleading. To violate a treaty, in my opinion, is to fail to observe it at the crucial moment, just when it was supposed to have most force, after having allowed the world to believe that you intended to respect it and after having reaped the benefits attendant upon its existence. For instance, if I insure my house, it does not take much morality for the insurance company to "respect" our agreement, so long as the house does not burn and I pay the premiums; but if they fail to reimburse me when the house does burn I should say that they must be either morally or financially bankrupt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But let us suppose that a neighbor and I have, by common consent, removed the fence between us and made our lawns one, though with no definite stipulation as to time. Must that treaty remain inviolate through all eternity? Can it never be abrogated? To be sure, if I creep out in the night, entice my neighbor's live-stock to my side, hurriedly put up a fence, and meet him in the morning with a brace of pistols, my behavior might well be criticised as a violation of a contract. But, if I give him ample warning that my interests demand the restoration of the fence, and then proceed to restore it, I think I am quite within my moral and legal rights. Are all treaties permanent, in your eyes? Does the moment never come when an honorable nation, after respecting a given pact for a time on a fair give-and-take basis, may, after ample notice, decide to abrogate the agreement, and ask the other party to prepare to revert to the previously existing conditions? If, as would have been the case with the Canal, we were bound to carry out certain promises in return for certain favors, I can think of no conditions that would justify men of honor in evading the contract. If, as in the case of Belgium, international relations depended upon a strict observance of the treaty, and a sudden violation of it could be strategically advantageous chiefly because the belief existed in the one side that the other was too honorable to violate it, then it is hard to see how such action can be defended. But if our Government sees fit to abrogate a treaty in regard to immigration which has been faithfully observed by both sides, and with pretty nearly mutual advantage, I do not see how we can be blamed. I do not know from what principle such an agreement derives its immortality.

Another distinction which ought to be drawn (morally if not legally) is that which obviously exists between a treaty which is the mere codification of common international morality (such as the agreement to respect neutral territory), and one which grants a specific favor (for instance, the permission of immigration).

The other question is more vague; I refer to the general desirability of exclusion. I admit that I favor it, even upon such uncertain grounds as a literacy test. The arguments are not conclusive, to be sure, but they are important. Those who believe in the severe restriction of immigration feel that the protection and development of American ideals is the most sacred duty of Americans, not from a selfish wish to keep all for ourselves, but because the weakening of those ideals would be a loss to humanity. It can hardly be denied that our original stock was unusually select, and that our early ideals, if somewhat narrow, were of the loftiest. Now, it is not necessary to believe that every descendant of Puritan, Quaker, and Cavalier is an automatic saint, in order to feel that the original element is still the best element, and that the general influence of present-day immigration is harmful. I do not see how we can think otherwise. We have, to be sure, the recent disgusting lesson of Cannon's district in the "purely American" Middle West, and we also have other scions of the old stock who are a disgrace to their country. But a general observance of colleges, churches, reform movements, and various idealistic things in our land, might lead one to ask whether in any of these the immigrant element is doing conspicuously good work, or whether, on the other hand, there are any from which it is conspicuously absent. Let us take a look at the saloon business, crooked ward politics, lawless labor movements, and ask ourselves if in the case of any of these things the immigrant element is a powerful force towards the right, and the "old stock" a corrupting influence; let us ask the same thing about minor movements towards good taste in living, better education, and purer speech. Can no distinction be drawn between representatives of the majority of recent immigration and the descendant of Dutchman and Huguenot? I admit that I have proved nothing, and that the evidence is confusing, but I object to the assumptions of the other side. I also protest against the pseudo-sentimental argument that this country is the only refuge of the oppressed, when South America and Africa are still on the map; and against the pseudo-historical argument that restriction can never be faithful to our traditions, in a day when a crowded continent and a different type of immigrant offer wholly new problems.

PHILIP H. CHURCHMAN.

Worcester, Mass., January 22.

## EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the editorial in the *Nation* for October 22, concerning the negro church dispute in Richmond, I was interested in your statement that "the South owes its public-school system" to "the black reconstruction Legislatures."

It is hardly astonishing that unwarranted and inaccurate notions concerning educational conditions in the Southern States before 1868 should have early grown up in the educational history of the United States since the Civil War; but it is almost incredible that there should now be a repetition, by those who should indeed know better, of a theory no longer regarded as sound, at a time, too, when historical study of a rigidly scientific character is held in such high esteem. Recent investigation has shown that, not only does the South not owe its public-school system to "the black reconstruction Legislatures," but that the ruinous effects of the political, social, and economic saturnalia unrestrained in the South from 1868 to 1876, the period of the Congressional Plan of Reconstruction, depressed and deadened that educational interest which so rapidly revealed itself in practically every Southern State from the 'thirties to the outbreak of the war; and that the educational benefits that did accrue from the reconstruction régime were by no means unmixed with evil. Definitely prescribed school terms, provisions for negro education, and for school support by a uniform system of taxation, are indeed features of public education which were generally unknown in the South before 1860. But along with these constitutional and legislative provisions for systems of education "based on advanced Northern models" went a sentiment not only temporarily unwholesome, but even until very recent years disastrous in its retardation of progressive educational sentiment and correct educational practice. Generations have never been, nor can they ever be, educated by elaborate legislative enactments alone: the average school term in not a few of the Southern States as late as 1900 was considerably less than it was in 1860; the agitation of "mixed schools" unquestionably retarded the movement for negro education in the South; and it took the South many years after the undoing of reconstruction to realize the third feature mentioned as a contribution of that period, and to set in active operation general educational systems supported by public taxation. Before the war public schools in the South were generally supported by the income from permanent public-school funds supplemented by a small local tax, a method used in an advanced State like New York until 1867, when the so-called "rate bills"—a tax levied on parents in proportion to the number of days their children were in school—were abandoned.

Hurried comparisons have been made of school conditions and school legislation in the Northern and Southern States before 1860 to show a diversity of educational sentiment and educational custom in the two sections, and to point out that out of reconstruction were born the free public-school systems of the South. But a rigid study of the constitutional and legislative provisions for schools, and of the messages of the Governors, annual reports of the superintendents of public instruction, public documents, and of other available material, supplemented by a careful and unbiassed analysis of the actual operation of the laws, is sufficient to substantiate the general statement that, in respect to educational sentiment and educational results, conditions in the South before 1860 were very similar to those found elsewhere in the nation. And no juggling of statistics, or allegorical interpretations, or far-fetched harmonizings, or ingenious hypotheses, have to be resorted to in order to show that in typical Southern, Northern, Eastern, or Western States, from the early 'thirties to 1875, fewer real differences are found in the essentials of public systems of education than were generally thought to exist, and more likenesses and similarities are at once in evidence.

EDGAR W. KNIGHT.

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October 27, 1914.

## AGAIN THE "JITNEY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reference of Mr. Thomas R. Shepard, of Seattle, to the origin of the word "jitney," in the *Nation* of February 4, is interesting, but not convincing. It adds merely another theory to an already extensive list. It may be that Mr. Shepard is right, but he brings no proof to the settlement of the discussion.

Finding the origin of "jitney" is like seeking the rhyme to "porringer"—an ancient pastime. Apparently "there ain't none," although with a little ingenuity anybody may invent one. On only one point, I believe, are authorities agreed—that a "jitney" is a nickel. Certainly, the expression dates back a number of years. I have encountered a gentleman who, in 1888, heard it used in the South, by the negroes. Then it meant a nickel, as now. On the other hand, a modern youth of my acquaintance insists it was coined more or less recently in some "crap" game or other.

Not long since the following paragraph appeared in the Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune:* "A 'jitney' 'bus derives its name from 'jitney,' meaning the smallest coin in circulation in Russia, and may be said to represent a small sum, easily converted in our own vernacular to a 'nickel' 'bus, the fare of five cents a ride being synonymous with the small Russian piece of money."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I personally appealed to the Russian Consul here, in this connection, and found the paragraph to be incorrect, as well as ungrammatical. The smallest Russian coin is the copeck, and the word "jitney" never has been applied to it, according to my informant. The nearest he was able to come to it, after a search through the Russian dictionary, was the word "jekneza," which means a granary.

Diligent search through volumes of slang and thieves' argot at the public library was equally futile; while one gentleman whom I questioned was certain the word did not even mean a nickel. He said he had heard it applied to "barkers" in Missouri—announcers, that is to say, not pistols.

Now, my own theory—altogether imaginative—is that Jitney is the name of a small English village, where, of old, a 'bus line operated at five cents a ride. The word has an English twist to it, and I can picture my village without difficulty. It nestles picturesquely in the heart of Surrey, is quite unknown to persons more than fifty miles removed from it, and boasts a haunted church or castle near at hand. I shall not insist upon the ghost, but you must allow me something in the way of a legend. Unfortunately, the standard gazetteers knocked this pleasant notion in the head.

"Jitney" bids fair to become a part of the language, what with the "jitney 'bus," the "jitney show," and the "jitney" itself. Shall we not then trace its elusive origin while, perhaps, we may? Bestir yourselves, philologists, and while you are about it run down, also, the equally puzzling "simoleon," and tell us, too, the parentage of the vivid "ragtime."

CHARLES V. E. STARRETT.

Chicago, February 10.

### WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As touching Mr. Kallen's very interesting commentary on the populations of our part of North America, it may be well to cite the earlier essay of Crèvecœur, in his "Lettres d'un Cultivateur Américain" (Paris edition 1787), Letter 47, dated Baltimore, May 1, 1771. What is an American? asks Crèvecœur; very often he had no country before coming to America. *Ubi panis, ibi patria.* "Here [in America] individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. . . . The American is a man who acts upon new principles; he must, therefore, entertain new ideas and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labour, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence."

That was a long time ago, a century before the disappearance of the frontier. But it is still very much the fact, by and large, that the observer in America, "steaming down the Mississippi with his manuscript, would need to steam up again with the proof-sheets." How misleading introspections may be. We have come out of the old kidnapping, transporting, slave-trading time (with all its faults we have a weakness for it still), and we have somehow got into our heads the idea of a general liberty. Let us keep the idea there, and not bother greatly about what part of Europe (not to speak of other stricken continents) we took our origins from.

A. J. M.

Prince Edward County, Va., March 1.

# Literature

## SOCIETY AND ITS PROBLEMS.

*The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy.* By Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

*Interpretations and Forecasts.* By Victor Brandford. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

*Social Heredity and Social Evolution.* By Herbert William Conn. New York: The Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.

The problems of society are so inextricably interwoven as to be incapable of satisfactory treatment if dealt with separately; yet they are so varied and involve so many different kinds of special knowledge that no one seems capable of treating them as a whole. But the attempt must be made; and it is often interesting to note the relative success attained by representatives of various special sciences and special schools in this difficult undertaking. Three books recently appeared almost simultaneously dealing with social problems, one from the pen of a theologian and socialistic reformer, one from a sociologist, and one from a biologist. A perusal of these three books one after another brings out a difference in background and point of view among the respective authors which is not without interest.

There can be no question that in this particular competition, if we so describe it, Christian Socialism is much better represented than either sociology or biology. Professor Vedder has written a book worthy of wide reading and serious pondering, and couched in a style which compels the attention and extends to the reader some of the writer's own strenuous mood. In intent, "The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy" is a continuation of Professor Vedder's "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus"; it differs from its predecessor in dealing more definitely and practically with the various particular social evils of to-day, especially as found in the United States. The first two chapters are, indeed, of a rather general nature, dealing with The Gospel and the Awakening Church and The Problem of Social Justice. Here Professor Vedder has nothing new to offer, and what he writes is hardly equal to the work of Professor Rauschenbusch and Professor Ross in these two fields. But when these preliminaries are over, we are presented with a series of chapters dealing in concrete detail with The Woman Problem, The Problem of the Child, The Problem of the Slums, The Problem of Vice, The Problem of Crime, The Problem of Disease, The Problem of Poverty, The Problem of Lawlessness. In each the nature of the evil is presented in concise terms, accompanied with definite facts and just a manageable amount of statistics, and this is followed by definite practical suggestions as to what should be done to meliorate conditions and to root out the evil under consideration.

Professor Vedder proposes many palliatives for the various social evils, and makes many helpful suggestions as to what might be done at once to mitigate suffering; but, of course, his one solution for the *abolition* of evil is Socialism. Poverty is the root of almost everything that is undesirable, and poverty might be prevented by an economic revolution and the substitution of Socialism for our present system. There is not a word to indicate that Professor Vedder has even the faintest appreciation of the difficulties involved in the socialistic programme, or of the real losses that would be incurred by the acceptance of it. This, however, might easily be excused in an argument which confesses itself frankly partisan. But the rancor and animus against all capitalists as such, and the injustice towards a large portion of them which so permeates the latter part of the book is, to say the least, extremely unfortunate. As one approaches the end it appears that almost everything in the land is rotten. "The slimy trail of capitalism is over every social institution." "The Christian religion is being smothered in comfort, America is fast going the way of the great Roman Empire." "We see our judges as they are: the poor creatures of the predatory corporations and the venal bosses." "Our courts, judges, lawyers, police, jails, prisons—the whole system of law and order—constitute together what deserves to be named a system for administration of injustice and defence of oppression."

It is a great pity that what might have been a persuasive and helpful book has been so nearly spoiled by the frenzied enthusiasm of its earnest and able author.

Victor Brandford's "Interpretations and Forecasts" is in striking contrast to Professor Vedder's book in more ways than one. In the first place, society does not seem to him to be on its way to the dogs, nor does he regard economic revolution as its only hope. It is in evolution rather than revolution that he puts his trust, and tokens of a better day he finds on every hand:

> A quickening spirit penetrates everywhere. Cities have awakened from slumber to self-consciousness, and are reaching towards the finer aspirations of civic life. The laborer in his workshop and the artist in his studio are not such strangers as they were. The politician and the social reformer have been brought together by the expanding pressure of their once isolated spheres.

All these things, to be sure, Professor Vedder would consider mere superficial movements, and all the suggestions that Mr. Brandford has to make he would regard as palliatives only. But Mr. Brandford in his turn maintains that it is Socialism that is superficial. It is, he tells us, a belated application of an outgrown theory which can see no problems and no facts but those with which economics has to do. The founders of Socialism caught the curious "infection" from their enemies of the Manchester school; "and in the agony of their distemper they confused sovereigns with sunshine, money with what money will get for you—if you know how to spend it. They assumed that if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every one was assured of money wages he would necessarily get real wages."

In form no less than in content Mr. Brandford's book is in contrast to Professor Vedder's; and here the advantage is all on the side of the Socialist. "Interpretations and Contrasts" is hardly a book at all. It is a collection of papers, written at various times and on various subjects, and intended in the first place as addresses before "women's clubs," "social gatherings of artisans and their wives," university classes, "the Chelsea Association," etc., etc. Each of these addresses has its lengthy—and wearisome—introduction and conclusion, and as there are some seventeen papers, these *salutatories* and *valedictories* make up a very solid—and ever recurring—portion of the book. The intellectual banquet is mostly cocktail and coffee. The subjects of the various papers are almost as heterogeneous as the audiences for whom they were originally intended: city planning, the importance to sociology of statistics and of regional investigation, the history of the theatre in ancient and in mediæval times and its position in the ideal city that is yet to be, certain more or less scattered facts about modern tendencies in elementary education, the social functions of the university, "Town and Gown in America," etc.

All is grist that comes to the sociologist's mill, and every fact must be carefully garnered. But if results are to be obtained, these heterogeneous facts must be put together and interpreted in the light of one another. Especially must the new "sciences" of "civics" and "eugenics" be made to contribute to sociology. The American reader, who probably studied "civics" long ago in high school, may be surprised to learn that it is something new. But to our author this new science does not mean "civil government," but covers, rather, the study of everything connected with a city—parks, tenements, playgrounds, churches, art, education. Whether eugenics is to be taken in its usual sense we are not told; but one is inclined to conclude that some rather unusual meaning is to be given to the term, inasmuch as the author rarely uses it except to upbraid those who take it in the ordinary, biological way of Galton and his followers, yet regards this "science" as one of the two greatest aids to sociology and predicts great things from it.

What, then, is sociology? It is, we are told, "the final and culminating addition to the circle of the sciences." Its object is "to gather together and unify all the many fragments of partial surveys, to amplify and coordinate those now in progress, to initiate new surveys for filling in gaps, and to develop the whole towards an ever-growing accuracy and completeness." For sociology is both a science and an art; and as an art its task is to apply in life "the collective resources of guidance" which as a science it has organized. Yet, if one analyzes the gigantic task which Mr. Brandford lays before the sociologist, there seems to be no detail of it which is not to be performed by somebody else. It would, therefore, appear that the function of sociology is to act as foreman or boss, while the other sciences do the work. At any rate, the impression which one carries away is that the sociologist's only business is to get the historian, the psychologist, the educator, the social worker, and several other learned and active ladies and gentlemen together, and encourage them to talk; he himself, meanwhile, being allowed to stay and listen (having really nothing of his own to contribute) as a kind of impresario.

Yet there is one function left for the sociologist which is really important and useful. He may, namely, act not only as impresario, but as reporter. Every really thorough study of society will have to draw upon the contributions of a number of sciences; and the sociologist, being as a rule at least a very "widely read" gentleman, will be better equipped than any of the special scientists to compile and compare the data which the other sciences contribute. Any one who doubts the need of such a functionary will do well to read Professor Conn's "Social Heredity and Social Evolution." For here he will find a biologist writing a Sociology and a Philosophy of History (and several other things); and the result will be instructive. Why Professor Conn has felt moved to leave his own field and to write a book on Society it would be hard to say; but it may have been due to his unawareness that any one else, in the last twenty-five years, had done so. His treatise covers the whole evolution of human society, including the discussion of things like language, morality, the family and the tribe, progress, etc., etc.; yet he makes references to but one authority (namely, Max Müller) outside of the strictly biological field; and as a rule he takes no notice of any of the distinctive positions held by the many distinguished writers in the many fields on which he touches. Many pages are devoted to tracing the origin and development of the family; but matriarchy and polyandry are not mentioned. Two chapters—or more nearly, four—are given to the development of the moral sense; but it is plain that the author has kept himself uncontaminated by all such works as those of Steven, Westermarck, Hobhouse, McDougall, Rashdall, and their colleagues. "Instinct" plays a leading rôle in many chapters; but the author does not esteem any of the recent discussions of that subject by psychologists worthy of reference. In fact, it is plain enough that he has never heard of them. "Most prominent among the instinctive acts, for our purpose," writes Professor Conn, "is the ethical nature." The term "Social Heredity" (which, as every one knows, has been a part of the commonest sociological jargon for over twenty years) he evidently regards as something rather original. In short, almost the entire book might have been written perfectly well twenty-five years ago.

"Almost the entire book," but not its thesis. For this concerns a relatively new movement—though not, indeed, a new conception. The subtitle of "Social Heredity" is "The Other Side of Eugenics"; and the thesis of the book is that organic evolution, in which the eugenist puts so much confidence, is not the only element in determining the future of the race:

> While the human *animal* may doubtless have been under the laws which have brought about the evolution of the rest of the living world, the *human social* unit has been developed under the influence of a new set of forces which have had little or no influence in developing the animal kingdom.

If this is the case, our author concludes:

> It will not be by the study of the laws of organic heredity that we can solve the problems of human evolution, but by the study of that class of characters that we have been calling acquired characters. These, which it has been the custom of the last few years to throw aside as of no significance, assume new and profound meaning. Acquired characters may not have been of much, if any, importance in bringing about the evolution of animals, but they may still constitute the factors upon which human evolution has been built. It would not, then, be wholly or chiefly by the control of the matings of individuals that we should try to control the future, but in large part by the control of environment.

This is a sound conclusion, and worthy of all acceptation; though one may well question whether 340 pages of mid-Victorian truisms were needed to prove it.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*Moonglade.* By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York: Harper & Bros.

On the wrapper of this, the author's latest excursion into the realm of fiction unabashed, appears the legend: "A novel of life in Russian court circles and French chauteaux [*sic*]—by one who *knows*," from which we gather that, while guarding his anonymity, the writer desires that there shall be no mistake as to his identity—we use the masculine pronoun without prejudice, as the lawyers say. The form of the book is "semi-costume," which possesses many of the attractions of the true "costume" variety, without certain of its disadvantages. The trouble with the true "costume" novel is that its glories are things of the past; we close the book, and where are they? Not so here. In Brittany or Normandy somewhere there stands to-day a castle compact of all the perfections of all the mediæval castles now buried in the pages of architectural history, while for its contents the wealth of Wardour Street and the British Museum are lavishly combined with the riches of our own Museums of Art and Natural History, and all within a short week's sail from the port of New York. A little farther off, in the great hall of a Russian fastness, sits the châtelaine, "in a dazzling haze of jewels," beside her honored guests, while a host of poor relations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and dependents feast below the salt. Between the figures of this *bal poudré* there are the evolutions of an up-to-date triangle—only in the present case it is more like a pentagon—with its paltry vices and its equally paltry and pig-headed virtues, to while away an hour for the modern Athenian seeking something new.

So much for the setting. The story is not badly told, but has no great claims to originality. Marguerite de Plenhoël, the Breton heroine of the novel, invites her English convent friend, Lawrence Seton, to stay at the ancestral keep, with the worst possible results—or the story would never have been written. Basil Palitzin, lord of immense estates in Russia, is diverted from his affection for Marguerite—the "Moonglade" of the story—by the seductive Lawrence, marries her, and the fat is in the fire. Lawrence, already provided with two lovers in the more or less complete sense of the word, does not take kindly to the bleak northern palace where Basil—as is more often the case than we Westerners are prone to allow—views his landlordly duties seriously. A rising of the peasants in Basil's absence, during which she behaves abominably, occurs simultaneously with the prince's discovery of her infidelity, and they separate, Basil becoming a wanderer on the face of the earth, haunted by doubts of his son's legitimacy. Lawrence dies in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, and all might have gone merry as a marriage bell but for Basil's attitude towards little Piotr. However, Marguerite manages to bring them together and incidentally to clear up the misunderstandings between herself and the prince. Such is the tale in briefest outline. A poor thing, possibly, but the author's admirers will read the book less for the story than for the purple patches to which we have made some allusion.

---

*Mushroom Town.* By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Like Hugh Walpole's "Maradick at Forty," this is quite as much a story of a place as a story of people. This Welsh "Llanyglo" undergoes much the same transformation as Mr. Walpole's Cornish "Treliss"—a change from primitive coast village to popular "resort." Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln has given us the United States of the situation, dwelling upon its comic aspects. It has its pathos also, and this is what, on the whole, appeals more strongly to the British commentators. Llanyglo is so innocent at the outset, so sufficient to itself, so apparently safe even after Mr. Garden, of Manchester, has led his family through its sands to a summer dwelling. But that, of course, is the thin end of the wedge. Other summer dwellers follow, rails creep towards Llanyglo, the natives begin to find that there are better fish than ever grew in the sea. "Attractions" are provided, hotels, piers, roundabouts, all the machinery of popular pleasure. The gross and none too seemly mushroom springs up out of the helpless sands. And the effect, in the end, is merely that of pettiness on a vast scale. To the people of Llanyglo the mountains and the sea have become merely "so many adjuncts, something they can turn into money by dipping people at sixpence a time and motoring them round at four-and-sixpence the tour . . . It's a big place now—nine thousand winter population; but somehow it has a smaller look than it had when it was just a score of cottages, all put together not much bigger than the Kursaal Gardens there. I don't know why the cottages should have seemed more in scale with the mountains than all this, but they did. I suppose it was because they didn't set up for anything. . . ." Llanyglo learns to "set up for" a great deal. Its progress is closely involved with that of the Gardens, in particular the son of the house, John Willie. He is not an heroic figure, but at least (and this is something to be grateful for, as current heroes run) he is not contemptible. He fails to escape, to use Mr. Cannan's phrase, from the "sleep and death" of conformity. His choice between the gypsy girl who becomes for a time his wild mistress and the commonplace, pretty young lady who is to be his wife is inevitable; just as Llanyglo's choice between ragged freedom and gilded servitude has been inevitable. The book has something of that atmosphere of impersonal and not unkindly irony which distinguishes the serious work of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

---

*Under the Tricolour.* By Pierre Mille. New York: John Lane Co.

The title given to the authorized English translation by Bérengère Drillien of Pierre Mille's "Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes," though less intriguing than the original, covers better the series of sketches included in the volume. In these, apart from the similarity of theme (they deal principally with military life in the African possessions of France), there is to be found some justification for calling Pierre Mille the "French Kipling." The minds of the two men work in the same way, or rather the mind of Pierre Mille works as Kipling's used to when he was writing of the British soldier in India and before his admirers had made the lamentable discovery that he little knows of England who only knows England's distant possessions. Often we catch a phrase, terse and illuminating, that might have been penned by Kipling in those magic days when Mulvaney and Ortheris and Learoyd disported themselves beneath the hot sun of India to the delight of the reading public of England and America. There are, indeed, many points of resemblance between Barnavaux, "who has been three times a sergeant, twice reduced for breach of discipline, and once for misbehavior," and Mulvaney; but there is also a big difference. The British soldier sticks in the mind forever. The Frenchman has no such personality; one is attracted to him, passes a pleasant hour in his company, and will always be pleased to renew the acquaintance, but in the meanwhile one will be apt to forget all about him. Barnavaux evokes the memory of Mulvaney, but Mulvaney will scarcely cause one to think of Barnavaux.

M. Mille's resemblance to Kipling is generic rather than detailed. There is the same interest in the by-ways and undercurrents of life, in things strange and outlandish; there is the same impatience of "the man on the spot" in the outskirts of empire with the rules and regulations for his guidance made by elderly gentlemen occupying office chairs in a capital several thousand miles distant; and there is the same sympathy with those servants of empire who must reconcile as best they may in the reports they send home the methods by which they have achieved desired results with the instructions received for achieving them. It is significant that the last of the sketches, "Victory," which deals with this theme, is dedicated "To Rudyard Kipling, who wrote 'The Finest Story in the World.'" Of the rest of the dozen sketches in the volume the first, "Marie-Faite-en-Fer," the story of a French prostitute in an African garrison town, who "owned all the virtues save one," is certainly the best. "The Man Who Saw the Sirens" and "The Dead Ship" are notable for their imaginative qualities and the powers of vivid description, and, to return once more to the comparison with Kipling, "Barnavaux Victorious," relating how that worthy on one occasion eluded the strong arm of the law, has something in it of the riotous humor that produced "Brugglesmith."

---

## TWO STUDIES BY EMILE FAGUET.

*Balzac.* By Emile Faguet. Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

*Gustave Flaubert.* By Emile Faguet. Translated by Wilfrid Thorley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

M. Faguet's monograph on Flaubert was published in French in 1899; that on Balzac is a new expansion of the essay in the "Etudes Littéraires sur le Dixneuvième Siècle" of 1887. They should require little recommendation to close students of the two novelists, for in their union of comprehensiveness with vigor, independence, and acuteness they exhibit M. Faguet at his best. This is not to say that they do not show his characteristic predilections, and more broadly the characteristic critical predilections of the Frenchman. In each work is studied the influence of the novelist upon his century, and each treats specifically the influence of Balzac upon Flaubert, so that it was impossible for M. Faguet to avoid comparisons, direct and implicit. In Balzac we have the prodigious creative genius, with a thousand irregularities of style and treatment; in Flaubert consummate perfection of form, but joined with a labored and sometimes uninspired content. It is the old question of nature or art. M. Faguet makes no formal choice, but it is clear that his love of logic and form, with his natural aristocracy of feeling, draws him sympathetically to Flaubert while it repels him from Balzac. "As a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creative genius," he declares, "Flaubert is very little below Balzac, and as artist and writer he is incomparably superior. Flaubert *filtered* Balzac."

In each case M. Faguet's insistence upon the character of the writer as the mainspring of his work gives us a long prefatory literary biography, with an unsparing analysis of faults and a direct presentation of virtues. Upon the vulgarity of Balzac he is especially severe. To it he ascribes not merely his want of reticence and moral delicacy, his bad taste that everywhere "teaches good taste wonderfully by the example of its contrary," his offensive realism and coarseness, but qualities less obviously related. He girds constantly at Balzac's garrulous habit of interpolating loose general reflections, doubly offensive to Faguet's precise mind as impairing artistic structure and as invariably so many examples of false logic or weak thought. Balzac's works are as if annotated by a blundering, loquacious critic, who inserts his own discussions to make a mongrel text. He is a man of low intellectual culture and deep egotism. Above all, while a would-be painter of the whole human scene, he was really fitted only to depict the middle classes. M. Faguet is equally direct but less emphatic in bringing out Balzac's personal and literary merits—his untiring creative energy and bluff vigor, his good nature and generosity, his conscientiousness in labor, and an inspiration in creating persons and events which is equal to Shakespeare's, and which throws into the background every flaw. He also points out, in final chapters that deal powerfully with fundamentals in literary criticism, that it is often his very faults which have made him popular—for M. Faguet is always a contemner of the crowd. It will seem to the general reader that to consider the unevenness of Balzac's work as an inevitable concomitant of his robust fecundity would often be fairer than to trace it to personal vulgarity; and that Faguet's emphasis upon the brutality and coarse realism of some parts of the "Comédie Humaine" leads him rather to neglect the shoddy romanticism of others.

Flaubert is much more gently handled, as being a writer who mixes no baser metal with his gold, and whose great qualities inspire a reverence upon which no defects harshly obtrude. Over the exact truth and restrained workmanship of "Madame Bovary," analyzed in detail, we are asked to hang in delight. It gives the impression of life itself, both in its complexity and in its precise detail. "The author has found means of making us live the life of a small town without allowing the thousand pictures of it which he shows us ever to impinge upon the principal character, or to draw our eyes away from her." In Flaubert the style, the characterization, the use of imagery, are admired in turn and with little reservation. The critic sees in the constant alternation of type in his work the index of a double endowment, and an example of a law of reaction widely applicable in literature. He is half romanticist and half realist; a writer who had in his soul all of romanticism save its basis—the horror of the real. Lover of color, invention, rhetoric, he loved also precise observation, and he alternated a "Madame Bovary" with a "Salammbô," a "Saint Antoine" with a "Bouvard et Pécuchet." One fault, however, seems to M. Faguet to be his want of sound general ideas, of a philosophy of life, of ability to think or criticise profoundly. He is narrator alone, even in the "Saint Antoine," and M. Faguet, enthusiastic critic of the eighteenth century, loves nothing if not ideas. A greater defect is the fact that Flaubert is never the spontaneous writer by intuitive genius. His novels all bear witness "to a prodigious effort of which the traces have not been wiped away, and which gives us a sensation of deadly fatigue." Finally, somewhat surprisingly, M. Faguet takes to task the misanthropy of Flaubert, based though it is on the conception of mankind as stupid rather than wicked. We say surprisingly, for another source of small prejudices in the two volumes is the underlying depreciation of democracy and the commons. The ideas of realism of the authors of "The Cult of Incompetence" are naturally founded on a low estimate of society. But on the whole the studies are as sane and clear-eyed as they are unflinching.

A word must be said of the translations, though not in praise. M. Faguet's thought may require close attention, but his style is delightfully clear and sparkling in the original; here Mr. Thorley, and in less degree Mrs. Devonshire, have often made it awkward and involved—though precision is not lost.

## CAVALRY, ON FOOT AND MOUNTED.

*Cavalry: A Popular Edition of "Cavalry in War and Peace."* By Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi. With a preface by F. M. Sir John French. Edition edited by A. H. Atterbridge from the translation by Major Bridges. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1 net.

This translation was first published (London, 1910) in the well-known Pall Mall Military series. The copy before us is a reprint of the translation, made "popular" by the omission of the greater portion of the second part, dealing with the training of cavalry in peace, and the entire third part, organization. In other words, the editor has retained all that bears on cavalry in war. Even so, the book will hardly prove popular, for it is necessarily addressed principally to a limited body of readers. To American officers it should prove of particular interest, in that Gen. von Bernhardi's views are, in principle, American views of the proper use of cavalry in war.

Gen. von Bernhardi, some years ago, wrote a book on cavalry, reviewed in the *Nation*, in which it was evident that the leaven of American ideas was beginning to work. In the volume under notice, it is clear that this leaven has done its work. As every one knows, what distinguished in the past and still distinguishes our American cavalry is not merely its ability to operate either mounted or afoot, but its willingness, its unquestioned readiness, to do either—and the recognition of the fact that its value on foot does not affect its value mounted. We believe that we run no risk in saying that most foreign cavalry services are blind to the lessons of their American comrades. The English probably have been converted, and so has Gen. von Bernhardi: "The most interesting and instructive campaigns for the service of modern cavalry appear to be those of the American War of Secession, which are, however, almost unknown in Germany, where there is a lack of opportunities to study them. . . . The employment of cavalry in the War of Secession in North America, the study of which I have urgently recommended, can here [*i. e.*, as a reserve] again serve us as a guide to follow." He is firmly convinced that the relationship between the fight on foot and that on horseback will give the modern cavalry combat its peculiar character, and that this relationship will *always* (author's italics) have to be reckoned with, and all tactical considerations guided by it. Whereas, fifteen years ago, Gen. von Bernhardi, although admitting the increased importance of dismounted action, held that combat with cold steel was the main thing, and that with respect to the battlefield the actual collision of cavalry masses remained the predominant factor, he now announces that "only in exceptional cases will a purely cavalry combat take place, at all events on a large scale," and that "the cavalry must not shrink when necessity demands from employing its whole force in the fire fight, disregarding for this purpose its purely cavalry rôle, which may perhaps be resumed later."

Field Marshal Sir John French, who furnishes a preface for the book, as he did an introduction to the older one, is not prepared to follow Gen. von Bernhardi quite so far. After expressing his general agreement with the German authority's fundamental proposition, he goes on: "By no means do I rule out as impossible, or even unlikely, attacks of great bodies of mounted men against other arms on the battlefield," and then takes the sap out of his opinion by stating his belief "that such opportunities will occur comparatively rarely," for obviously an event that is not unlikely cannot be even comparatively rare.

The dual nature of cavalry functions accepted, Gen. von Bernhardi proceeds to a discussion of the usual subjects, reconnaissance, the screen, the duties and combat of independent and of divisional cavalry, and at every step shows that he has broken with the past. His comments on air-scouting will probably need revision. At no sacrifice of generality, he constantly and properly keeps in view the needs of his own service, whose regulations he fearlessly criticises whenever, in his opinion, they need it. Details apart, his views commend themselves to all those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who see in cavalry a means, not an end, to those who have freed themselves from the cult of the "cavalry rôle," who recognize in the *duties* (not the rôle) of cavalry a component of the activities of a modern army.

## A GREAT GREEK STATESMAN.

*Demosthenes and the Last Days of Greek Freedom.* By A. W. Pickard-Cambridge. Heroes of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The author of the latest life of Demosthenes retells in sober fashion the story of that idealist and practical working politician, and pictures once more the conditions of public life in Greece in the last days of the old city-state. The author has a great familiarity with the original documents necessary for a life of Demosthenes, but he finds them so largely composed in the spirit of vigorous partisanship that his conclusions, like those of his predecessors, are often a mere matter of opinion. The Greek idea of truth-telling was radically different from our own; the Greek conception of *meum* and *tuum* was, in essentials, "what the other fellow cannot get away from me" and "what you can get away with." Perhaps, however, in view of recent events, we may feel inclined, in candid moments, to make a distinction between the professions and the practices of the modern world. Be that as it may, the admirer of Demosthenes, as the admirer of Themistocles, is brought face to face with charges of lack of veracity and the receipt of bribes.

Mr. Pickard-Cambridge discusses with frankness the charges against his hero; "it may be," he says, "that absolute truthfulness is not possible for a leader of a democracy." Incidentally, he gives an admirable picture of the type of direct, not representative, democracy which prevailed in Athens. Every man was his own spokesman in the assembly, as he was in the New England town meeting. This state of affairs had a profound influence in Athenian polity, especially in the matter of wars; the people were quick to be carried away by glowing words from an orator, especially by one who drew on the past glories of Athens; they were easily convinced that they could defeat the embattled world, but as soldiers who must take the field to carry on the war they had voted as citizens, they were inclined to be slow. In weighing the question of Demosthenes's wisdom in his defiant attitude towards Macedon, one must remember the material with which he had to deal; Themistocles won success where Demosthenes failed, but Themistocles was dealing with a more pristine and virile people.

Mr. Pickard-Cambridge has perhaps done the best work in his book in his discussion of the obstacles that stood in Demosthenes's way. At home he was confronted with a nation of individualists, each voter theoretically, and largely in practice, having as much power in the state as the most far-seeing statesman, persuasive oratory developed to a degree hardly ever elsewhere attained, and a government so designed by a jealous democracy to prevent power from falling into the hands of any individual of great ability or ambition that it is a wonder how Athens ever achieved any success in political action except in sporadic instances. That Demosthenes could maintain on the part of Athens even a semblance of a continuous policy either at home or abroad is a high tribute to his pertinacity and his ability. No wonder if he is found employing any shift, using any means at hand, to reach his goal; no wonder, then, that our author writes in despair, "It may be that absolute truthfulness is not possible for a leader of a democracy," of a democracy of that type, at any rate. And opposed to him Demosthenes had, in Philip of Macedon, a shrewd and astute leader with a well-trained war-machine devoted to him, leaders too glad to execute his wishes, the reins of power entirely in his own hands, the ability to lay out a plan of action for years in advance, and the opportunity to take instant action or bide his time as circumstances indicated. And always in Philip's favor and blocking Demosthenes's path was the fact that the innumerable small Greek states pursued a course of individualistic action, and never, except in philosophers' day-dreams, had any concept of a united Greek nation.

Demosthenes had his faults, grave faults, perhaps, but they were characteristic of a race which always looked with a certain admiration on the ways of shifty Odysseus, and each citizen contained within himself the making of an admirable diplomat of the type of Machiavelli. But with all his faults he makes a brave figure as he stands fighting with every weapon at his command against overwhelming forces, a champion in the cause of his country's freedom against the onslaught of an irresponsible tyranny. Themistocles fought in the same cause, and has fired men's imaginations because he won and saved the western world from the control of Oriental despotism, and made possible our heritage of clear Greek thought and emancipated individualism. Demosthenes lost, and Philip and Alexander won; as it proved, their victory meant the opening up of the world for the spread of that Greek civilization which Themistocles had saved. The struggle of the one, however, was no less noble in itself than that of the other, but naturally the world views the two in very different lights.

Nevertheless, Demosthenes's struggle, as Mr. Pickard-Cambridge points out, was by no means foredoomed to failure. If he had been served by generals as competent in their fields as he was in his, the issue would probably have been different:

> Whether, supposing that Philip had been defeated at Chaeroneia, the struggle would have been at an end, no one can say, and it is idle to speculate upon such questions; but at least the defenders of Hellenic liberty came near enough to success to justify their attempt, even from the narrow standpoint assumed by Polybius and by some modern critics. Nor is it without significance that Aristotle (who had no special liking for Demosthenes), when he desires to illustrate a common form of fallacy, finds a conspicuous illustration in the statement that the policy of Demosthenes was responsible for all the evils that befell his country.

The attitude of historians of things Greek may roughly be divided into two schools. The English, as a rule, have viewed with keen sympathy the recurring struggle for independence and the desire to maintain a balance of power in its favor. The German attitude towards this struggle has been different. The view of Mr. Pickard-Cambridge is clear from the quotation just given, as well as from his summing up:

> Demosthenes's ideal and his determination to maintain it, as the ideal not of himself alone but of his nation, stand in no need of vindication; and he well deserves our admiration for the courage with which, in pursuit of this ideal, he contended against those desires and prejudices of his fellow countrymen which were inconsistent with it. . . . All these aims he pursued without faltering in face of attack and misrepresentation; and there can be little doubt that he was wise, as well as courageous, in so doing.

# Notes

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for publication on Saturday "Letters to a Friend," by John Muir; "Criticisms of Life," by Horace J. Bridges; "The Secret of an Empress," by Countess Zanardi Landi, and "The Land of Delight," by Josephine Scribner Gates.

"Still Jim," by Honoré Wilsie, will be published next month by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Century Co.'s list of publications for April includes "South of Panama," by Edward Alsworth Ross, and "Arms and the Race," by R. M. Johnston.

Harper & Bros. announce the publication of "A Dealer in Empire," by Amelia Josephine Burr; "When a Man Comes to Himself," by Woodrow Wilson; "Victors of Peace," by F. J. Gould, and "A-B-C of Gardening," by Eben E. Rexford.

The A. J. Holman Co., of Philadelphia, has undertaken the publication of "The Works of Martin Luther" in ten volumes. The first volume is announced for publication on April 20.

We have received from the Carnegie Library, of Pittsburgh, Volumes VI, VII, and VIII of its Classified Catalogue, besides Part X, which embraces indexes, title-pages, contents, preface, and synopsis of classification.

The following volumes are among the spring publications of the University of Chicago Press: "The Modern Study of Literature," by Richard Green Moulton; "Senescence and Rejuvenescence," by Charles Manning Child; "University of Chicago Sermons," by Members of the University Faculties; "Religious Education Through the Family," by Henry F. Cope; "The City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Institute for Religious Teachers," by Walter S. Athearn; "The Bixby Gospels," by Edgar J. Goodspeed; "Proceedings of the American Sociological Society," Vol. IX; "Bibliographical Society of America," Papers, Vol. VIII—3 and 4.

---

In the brief compass of some three hundred small pages Andrew Reid Cowan surveys the rise and fall of civilizations from prehistoric times to our own, and summarizes his philosophy of history in "Master-Clues in World-History" (Longmans; $1.75 net). He distinguishes man from the lower animals by his faculty for using tools. These in turn give man his singular control over environment and enable him to progress in civilization. Tillage of the soil becomes one of the greatest factors in progress, but it is constantly interfered with by the predatoriness of nomads, except in regions where tillers of the soil are particularly well protected by natural frontiers. Eventually, however, wealth, numbers, and especially fire-arms, give the tiller a perfect defence everywhere. Distinctions of "race" are fallacious. Such are a few of the "master-clues" vigorously and succinctly set forth. The author is deeply impregnated with Ratzel's teachings, and has read somewhat widely on history in general; but he does not speak with the authority of one who has made any scientific investigations of his own.

---

"Already it is recognized that vice and crime are largely social. They are traceable to low wages, irregular employment, bad housing, inadequate education. And they can only be corrected by changing the social conditions which produce these evils. And this can only be done by the further widening of the community's activities, by the further socializing of municipal activities, by continued intrusion into the field of private enterprise." Seldom has the connection between gunmen and the private ownership of gas and electricity been put so emphatically. If all of Frederic C. Howe's new book, "The Modern City and Its Problems" (Scribner; $1.50 net), were as bad as this, it would be a sorry production. But when he leaves theory alone and devotes himself to fact, he is on surer ground. After a brief survey of the city as the ancients and the mediævalists knew it, he begins a consideration of the city of to-day, with its industrial, political, and social problems. The progress made in both Europe and this country in municipal home rule, housing, budget-planning, conservation of health, and beautification is told with sufficient detail, but without submerging the narrative in a mass of facts and figures. Yet Mr. Howe cannot long forget his philosophy. "Back of" our disgraceful municipal conditions "and ultimately explaining them is the political philosophy of America," the theory that "the Government should interfere with the individual as little as possible." And so, "by reason of their powerlessness and self-distrust, the cities gave away valuable franchises for water, gas, street-railway, and electric-lighting services." This picture of a self-abnegating city contrasts oddly with the spectacle of boodle aldermen reaching out their hands for bribes. And how much more power has the self-confident Chicago of to-day than the Chicago of the halcyon days of Charles T. Yerkes two decades ago? Mr. Howe's diagnosis appears in a still queerer light when it is recalled that Yerkes went to Springfield and got the powers of the Chicago Council enlarged in order that it might make him a bigger gift than was then possible. But Mr. Howe is not so much concerned with the political side of the American city as with its social side. Hitherto, he holds, the city has been negative; it should be positive. There is much force in this observation, although its maker does not sufficiently realize that our cities are assuming positive social tasks without revolutionary changes in political theory. Of course, if we are to have the single tax soon, and Socialism by and by, the theory will have to undergo alteration.

---

In "The Century of Columbus" (New York: The Catholic Summer School Press) Dr. James J. Walsh, already the panegyrist of the thirteenth century, once more appears as the champion of an often dispraised age. But this time the task is easier and lacks the zest of apparent paradox. Nobody seriously doubts that those were a hundred great years between 1450 and 1550 if the standard be art, literature, and discovery. Dr. Walsh's contribution of novelty is a sort of indictment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as periods of retrogression. The measuring scale is chiefly organized charity. Here there is no trouble in making the point. The Reformation and the consequent destruction of the whole humanitarian organization of the Middle Ages unquestionably worked a demoralization from which we have only recently emerged. Hirelings did very ill those services to the aged, ill, and insane which the monastic orders had voluntarily done very well. We underestimate, too, both the amount and the quality of the education of the Renaissance. Being reprinted lectures, it is not surprising that the book is a bit diffuse. It is also very readable, but contains too many blemishes, in minor inaccuracies. This is a natural result of apparently hasty use of secondary authorities, some of which are obsolete. To most readers the chapter where Dr. Walsh speaks with most authority, that on medicine, will be the most interesting. It is plain that all that prevented a very substantial progress of the science was the absence of agencies for collating and comparing isolated discoveries. There are over eighty illustrations, well chosen but too often mislabelled.

---

Daniel Halévy's well-known study of Nietzsche now appears in the English of J. M. Hone (Macmillan). Of the favoring estimates of the great aphorist, this is the best. The method is less systematically critical than biographical—entirely in the Sainte-Beuve tradition. The whole glittering, monstrous fabric of Nietzscheism is viewed not as a conscious or consistent philosophy, but as so many expressions of revolt and self-vindication. It is a method that both a critic and a psychiatrist might approve in this case. The mainspring of Nietzsche is his adoration for the Greeks and his loathing of the modern humanitarians. The doctrine of the superman is less a gospel than a scourge. In contempt for the modern man he made his ideal everything that the modern man was not. However immoderate the attitude, there is something heroic in the maintenance of the feud through years of invalidism and poverty. One should look upon the great books as so much poetry of protest. They are what the end of the nineteenth century has to place beside Byron. This in rough terms is M. Halévy's thesis. It seems a sound one to this extent, that any endeavor to read the maxims as a social or political programme is absurd. The world of the superman is one in which no technical methods exist, and no tangible results are even sought for. It is a world of pure passion, ruthless contemplation, and magnificent rhetoric. As T. M. Kettle, who writes the introduction, remarks, Nietzscheism is like strychnine, a poison, but in minute quantities tonic. This intimate study, drawn largely from Nietzsche's letters and works, goes far to lay bare the personal roots of the dazzling portent of the published writings. There is a frontispiece after Kramer's statuette.

---

Although Saint Nihal Singh's "India's Fighters" (London: Sampson, Low, Marston; 7s. 6d. net) appeared at the significant moment when the first Victoria Cross was awarded to an Indian soldier with the Allies, and for the first time to a native since its foundation in 1850, yet we feel that his book is disappointing, and a fine opportunity has been missed. That it was meant to supply the immediate needs of the enterprising publisher is more than obvious. Briefly, the author seems to have been torn between the intention of writing a history of the native Indian army, and of compiling a record more suitable for popular consumption during the present European conflict. As a result, judged from the first point of view, his historical sketch accounting for certain Hindu fighting clans, together with an ingenuous disquisition on the Aryans, is somewhat inadequate, and is likely to prove confusing for those expecting a digest of early Indian history. From the second point of view, he has failed to distinguish sharply between the army of the old East India Company and pre-Mutiny days and that which constitutes the modern fabric. Indeed, his meticulous care in skirting the Mutiny period appears to have caused him to fall between two stools. Perhaps the exigencies of time and space prevented a more adroit management of his material. From a British point of view, the native Indian army, or that small section of it that remained loyal, and stood firm during the trials of 1857, forms the backbone of the splendid body it constitutes to-day. And so we look in vain for stories like that of Hodson's Irregular Horse.

---

The author disclaims any knowledge of military matters, with a critical comment on the interesting tactic that picturesquely distinguishes one native arm from another, yet he leaves the conviction that a book of this sort should have come from expert military hands. In so heterogeneous a body of men, among whom creed and custom determine a distinct racial method of fighting, as in the Gurkha regiments mentioned by the author, more should have been made of these distinctions. A critic of experience, the late G. W. Steevens once remarked of the Indian cavalry: "Bad men to run away from, and worse men to follow," a remark which leads one to suspect them of all the amazing mobility and dash attributed to the Cossacks. On the conscious use of the term Hindu, as a generic form to cover a homogeneous race of fighters, one might raise the question as to whether the Sikhs, Gurkhas, and Rajputs share this virtue in the same degree with the Hindu stock that is native to the East and South, with whom they now profess little in common. Also, the race that is essentially warlike, and quite as considerable a factor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Indian army, the Mussulman, does not appear to the full advantage it deserves. The author has provided full information on the personnel and pay of the troops; but this is accessible in any good gazetteer of India. Until we see his "India's Fighting Troops," which he asserts is a simultaneous product, a feeling of inadequacy must haunt the present "bird's-eye view."

---

The passages in Stanley Coxon's "And That Reminds Me" (New York: John Lane; $3.50 net) which chiefly justify its publication are those suggested by the title. There is plenty of more or less solid matter in the book—descriptions of life on sailing ships in the seventies, of incidents in the pacification of Burma, of famine and cholera camps in the Central Provinces. But this has all been done before. The proper function of the more serious reminiscences is to introduce anecdotes, many of a high order of excellence, with heroes and heroines ranging from the bland Babu to the English nurse who, being greeted by the author—himself in a bad way—with the hope that she had pulled her last patient through, replied readily: "No, I'm afraid I didn't. I only got there just in time to wash him." Talking of Babus, our heart goes out to the one who wrote:

Honoured Sir:
The little horse "Scamp" which you left in my charge yesterday developed a devil-may-care attitude. Tossing me off, he entirely alluded my custody and has gone right away out of my sight. My God, how annoying!

Of Mr. Coxon's views on things social, political, and whatnot, we are abundantly and emphatically informed. Far back in pre-bellum days, he foams at the mouth over the reluctance of the mudded oaf to enlist in the Territorials, and tells a grievous tale of eight hundred such at Folkestone, of whom, after long adjuration by Lieut.-Col. Gosling, only three came forward to make a new Thermopylæ. We wonder how many of the recalcitrant seven hundred and ninety-seven are at present actively resenting the German raid in their select vicinity. The author's stories of big-game hunting are among the best things in the book, and it is with a real sense of tragedy that we read of his encounter with the panther that put an end to the official career of so mighty a hunter before the Lord.

---

From the same publishers we have "With the Tin Gods," in which Mrs. Horace Tremlett relates her experiences on a trip in Nigeria with her husband, commissioned by a London syndicate to report on certain tin-mining properties. As a contribution to the literature of African travel, the book is negligible, amounting to little more than a succession of passing glances at scenes already adequately described by more experienced travellers. Nevertheless, it may prove not unacceptable to some who, new to the subject, desire a general idea of conditions of life in West Africa. Mrs. Tremlett has a frank and hearty contempt for female missionaries—she finds them, as a rule, extremely unpicturesque. Be that as it may, when it comes to the elucidation of the native and his ways, the missionary is easily the superior of Mrs. Tremlett.

---

Prof. J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton's "Reconstruction in North Carolina" (Columbia University Press) is the fourth of the exhaustive studies of the Reconstruction period which have been contributed to the Columbia Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, and for whose inception Prof. W. A. Dunning is primarily responsible. Aside from the completeness of its survey of the North Carolina field, as a whole, Professor Hamilton's monograph is especially valuable for its careful and unprejudiced accounts of Gov. Holden's stormy administration, of the intricate and widely extended railway frauds, of the workings of the Freedmen's Bureau, and of the Ku-Klux movement. Two short but noteworthy chapters trace the activities of the Union League, a short-lived attempt, soon overwhelmed by the Ku-Klux operations, to bolster up Republicanism in the years immediately following the war, and the vicissitudes of the public-school system and the State university during the Reconstruction turmoil. The lack of a bibliography is in part atoned for by abundant footnotes.

---

In the last series of lectures on the Ely Foundation of the Union Theological Seminary, given in January and February of last year, and now issued by Scribner under the title, "The Beginnings of the Church" ($1.50 net), Dr. Ernest F. Scott, professor of New Testament criticism in Queen's Theological College, Kingston, Canada, has produced a readable book in which are summarized the principal conclusions in this field that are favored by the majority of students. The author seeks to concentrate attention on the short period, of from two to five years, from the death of Jesus to the death of Stephen. The book, though it treats the subject too much as a thing apart from the natural order of human social development, as a whole succeeds in presenting the history of the early church in a light that to many readers will appear new in a number of respects. On the arrest and death of Jesus, the disciples are pictured as fleeing in temporary panic back to Galilee. Here they are soon steadied by the reflection that Jesus had forewarned them of a catastrophe and taught them that through suffering and death he would fulfil his Messianic work. In a mood of intense expectation the disciples underwent some experience which convinced them that the Lord was risen. Believing that Jesus would make his first public appearance as the Messiah in the temple at Jerusalem, they returned there and gathered daily at the temple. As a description of their brotherhood they adopted the term "Ecclesia of God"—the use of which by Jesus is considered highly improbable—because they regarded themselves as the True Israel, a community that was spiritually a people of God, and, as the prophets had taught, something other than the actual Israel.

---

This conception tended to break down the notion of racial descent as a necessary qualification for membership in the chosen people by emphasizing rather knowledge of God and obedience to his will as requisites for such membership. In accordance with this idea, the Hellenists, alive to the inconsistency between the temple worship and the new beliefs, were developing a type of Christianity differing from that of the Apostles. To this fact, indeed, is referred the choice of the Seven, who were to be leaders in all things to this group of half-alien converts through whom Christianity had begun to feel its way towards its universal mission. At the hands of these men Paul himself was to receive his training. Later at Jerusalem, he is only developing their ideas when he maintains that the True Israel has always been independent of the Law. By adopting faith as its one principle, the church maintained its continuity with that True Israel which had ever existed within the nation. The Ecclesia is the communion of faith into which the faithful of all lands and times have the right of entrance. Again, Dr. Scott suggests that the object of this "new community of the Kingdom" was nothing less than to establish a new social principle, that of the community of goods. The attempt to substitute for this principle that of mere beneficence was resisted by the stricter party, who perhaps invented the Ananias story to support their contention. Finally, with regard to the Lord's supper, it is held that the rite originally was known as "the breaking of bread" and was observed daily. The brethren, after the general gathering in the temple, separated into groups and adjourned to different houses for the purpose of the supper. While doubtless repetition of the rite was not intended by Jesus, the disciples believed the rite to be the grand charter which constituted them the church; hence its daily repetition.

---

Sir James Donaldson, vice-chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's, Scotland, and principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard since 1886, died on March 9. Sir James was born on April 26, 1831. He was educated at the Grammar School and University at Aberdeen, at New College, London, and at Berlin University. In 1854 he became rector of the High School, Stirling. Two years later he was appointed classical master of the High School, Edinburgh, and in 1866 became rector. From 1881 to 1886 he was professor of humanity at Aberdeen University. Sir James was one of the first to endorse spelling reform, and at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1912 he made a strong plea for the adoption of the phonetic system. He was knighted by King Edward in 1907. His principal publications were: "Modern Greek Grammar," 1853; "Lyra Graeca," 1884; "Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine from the Death of the Apostles to the Nicene Council," 1864-66; "The Ante-Nicene Christian Library" (with Professor Roberts), 24 vols., completed 1872; "The Apostolic Fathers," 1874; "Lectures on the History of Education in Prussia and England," 1874; "Expiatory and Substitutionary Sacrifice of the Greeks," 1875; "The Westminster Confession of Faith," 1905; "Woman: Her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and Among the Early Christians," 1906.

---

Thomas Alexander Browne, the novelist, who wrote under the name of Rolf Boldrewood, died recently in Melbourne, Australia. He was born in London in 1826, and was educated at Sydney College, New South Wales. In early life he was one of the pioneer squatters in the gold fields of Victoria. His first novel, "Robbery Under Arms," was published in England in 1888, and one of his latest, "A Tale of the Golden West," in 1906. Among his other works are: "The Miner's Right," "A Colonial Reformer," "A Sydney-Side Saxon," "A Modern Buccaneer," "The Crooked Stick," "The Babes in the Bush," "War to the Knife, or Tangata Maori," and "The Last Chance."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Notes from the Capital

## BRYAN'S AWAKENING.

What has become of the Bryan of the 'nineties? Where is the impetuous youth who closed a speech in Congress by offering himself, with arms outstretched, as a sacrifice for the salvation of the people from the Moloch of protective greed? Where is the Convention delegate from Nebraska who insisted on committing the United States to the free and unlimited coinage of silver "without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation"? Where is the tourist returning from his first trip abroad so full of the desire for Government ownership of railways that he could hardly wait for his ship to touch port before flooding the country with his views?

Is it another Bryan who fills the Premier's seat in the present Cabinet, or is it the same Bryan with a new set of ideals and aspirations? The Bryan we know now, certainly, is enjoying life too well, and has too much at stake in the material world, to be offering himself for sacrifice—except from an entertainment stage to which the performers bring their wares for exhibition only. He has acquired enough respect for other nations to try to turn away their wrath with soft answers, or tide over a disagreeable diplomatic situation by assuring the press that it "raises some serious questions, on which he is not prepared to speak without further mature consideration." And he is the leading figure in the Administration of a President who is so imprudently frank as to plead for justice to the carrying corporations, lest persistence in an oppressive policy force the country into State Socialism. If the Bryan of the twentieth century be the same Bryan from whom we heard periodically in the nineteenth, pray what is he doing in this galley?

It is the same Bryan, but sobered. On his countenance the passing years have left their impress in an accentuation of its most notable features. The nose is larger, but less aggressive; the brows are more like shaggy awnings for eyes which have lost much of their twinkle; the chin has grown heavy; the lips are still thin and cut straight across the face, but the perpetual light-hearted smile has given place to one more mechanical, which deepens the vertical creases bounding the jaw. Bryan has passed through a good deal since his period of immature enthusiasms. He knows now what it is to carry on his own shoulders some of the responsibilities he used to be so eager to heap upon others. He has learned that it is one thing to formulate startling novelties in statecraft which others may adopt at their risk, and quite another to declare himself with equal freedom when there is imminent danger that somebody may take him up and demand an unqualified fulfilment of the challenge.

Where Bryan made his initial mistake in life was in choosing a political rather than a theatrical career. As a melodramatic star he might have made a brilliant success. A lithe and enduring body, a face capable of a wide variety of expression, a clear, flexible, unwearying voice, a natural gift for gesture, a buoyant temperament, and a responsive manner, made an equipment worth a fortune to any actor of sharply individualized parts. It is in team-work that he shows his weakness. He would have failed as a stock actor for the same reason that he is a failure as a member of the Cabinet. It is of the essence of good executive faculty to be able to work effectively in partnership with others. With Bryan, real coöperation is impossible, except in the sense that the candle coöperates with the candlestick: the candle would give just as much light if mounted on a nail as in a setting of polished brass or adorned with crystal pendants.

It seems a wasteful scheme to seat such a man next the head of the council-table, and station at his elbow, or behind the arras, experts like Moore and Lansing to do the work laid out for him, while he confines himself to the ornamentals. To the politically unsophisticated, it looks as if the President were discrediting his former hope of "knocking Bryan into a cocked hat"; to the student of party history, however, it is plain that Woodrow Wilson has gone one step further than Jackson with Van Buren, or Lincoln with Chase. Bryan, the chronic agitator, has been put into the one position where his exposure to the concentrated gaze of the people will insure their judgment of him strictly on his merits, with results which are not difficult to forecast.

What all the wiseacres are now waiting to see is how Bryan will solve the problem of 1916. In view of his devotion to the single-term policy, he cannot afford to support Wilson for renomination, much less for re-election; neither can he afford to take the field against his chief, and invite the sort of criticism which was heaped upon Blaine after the anti-Harrison fiasco of 1892. Whichever course he chooses is likely to bring in its train dire consequences for himself.

VIEILLARD.

# The Canonization of Lloyd George

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, March 2.

With possibly one exception, prominent English statesmen have experienced in the course of their career sharp turns of popularity followed by unpopularity or vice versa. Peel, the pride of the Tories, later as the champion of Free Trade became the object of their bitterest opposition. Diversely in order of procedure, Disraeli, long the target of the contumely and scorn of the gentlemen of England, had his later years soothed by their almost extravagant adulation. In different circumstances Mr. Chamberlain suffered or enjoyed analogous experience. Mr. Gladstone, for many years "the People's William," had his windows broken by them in a flush of the Jingo fever. Campbell-Bannerman, whose authority as leader of the Opposition was habitually scouted, lived to be one of the most popular Premiers known to the House of Commons. The exception alluded to is Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose personal popularity and ascendency have through the turbulent course of thirty years varied only in degree.

A striking example of this tendency in the fickle world of politics is supplied in the story of the life of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When ten years ago he was promoted from the guerrilla ranks below the Gangway to Cabinet position and office of President of the Board of Trade, the appointment was regarded in Conservative circles with unconcealed animosity. He had not long enjoyed the dignity of a Minister before he overcame this opposition alike in the House of Commons and in Conservative circles outside it. There happened to be a great railway strike, a trouble by no means unfamiliar to Presidents of the Board of Trade. Mr. Lloyd George faced it on quite new lines. With Celtic energy he threw himself into the struggle between capital and labor. Representatives of the former, tutored to regard him as their natural enemy, found him at close quarters tactful, good-humored, with remarkable capacity for mastering business details. These qualities brought to bear in his communications with the workingmen met with a favor due to confidence in an old friend and champion. The result was that a quarrel that had threatened grave inconvenience to the public and serious money loss to masters and men ended in a friendly settlement, incidentally establishing the President of the Board of Trade as one of the most highly esteemed of his Majesty's Ministers.

With his removal to the Treasury, a sudden and complete change was wrought in his relation with the Opposition in the House of Commons. His budgets, designed in favor of the masses as distinct from the classes, were bitterly resented by the latter. As matters have turned out, they have, by opening fresh fields of revenue and digging deeper old wells of supply, made it possible under his guidance and control to meet the unparalleled demand for cash and credit arising out of the most stupendous war known in the world's history. That the increase of death duties and the preparation for dealing drastically with land values, a project indefinitely postponed by outbreak of war, should be stoutly fought by the class personally affected, was natural enough. In the bitter feeling created other of the Chancellor's budget schemes, including the beneficent measures of Old-Age Pensions and National Insurance, were resisted with acerbity equally relentless. The once popular President of the Board of Trade speedily became the abominated Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This feeling joyfully found an outlet in the famous Marconi incident. Searching and prolonged inquiry exonerated Mr. Lloyd George and his Ministerial colleague Sir Rufus Isaacs from imputation of dishonest dealing in the matter. That they had been indiscreet was a charge they were themselves ready frankly to admit. The opportunity was irresistible to a section of the community largely represented in City circles to whom the name of Lloyd George was anathema. Nightly questions about the Marconi affair flooded the House of Commons. Votes of censure were proposed and finally a committee of inquiry appointed, at whose bar stood the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General. It seemed that their political careers, heretofore unbrokenly brilliant, had received an irrecoverable shock. When, on a vacancy occurring in the highest seat on the judicial bench, there was a prospect of the ordinary course of promotion taking effect and the Attorney-General succeeding, there was an outburst of angry protest to which the implacable Premier characteristically turned a deaf ear. Sir Rufus Isaacs became Lord Chief Justice, and, talk of "the Marconi scandal" ceasing like morning mists dispersed by the rising sun, he is already ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cepted as worthily sustaining the high traditions of his supreme office.

As for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is no exaggeration to say that even in an administration several menbers of which have in special degree won the confidence of the public, he is personally the most popular. By strange significant circumstance, it is in City circles, where awhile he was the object of sharpest criticism, that he is to-day most lavishly adulated. In the meetings of banking companies and other financial corporations which marked the turn of the year cases where the chairman did not pay tribute to the Chancellor's services at a great national crisis were exceedingly rare. One enthusiastic president declared amid applause that he deserved a dukedom. The services of the Lord Chief Justice, placed unreservedly at the assistance of the Treasury during the last seven anxious months, did not go unrecognized. So strong was this flood of adulation that no one would have been surprised to learn that the figures of Gog and Magog, for centuries objects of reverence in the Guildhall, had been removed and in their place, erected by a grateful city, stood statues of Mr. Lloyd George and the eminent judge more familiarly known as Sir Rufus Isaacs.

The City, as usual, knows what it is talking about, and when it says that the prompt action of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after consultation with leading financial authorities, saved the country, indeed the world, from fatal panic on the outbreak of war, there must be something in it. Enthusiastic approbation in the City is reëchoed in the House of Commons, where the Chancellor of the Exchequer has regained in fullest measure his former ascendency. He sits in the sunshine with the same equanimity and inflexible good-humor as when he faced the storm. Not least attractive of his native qualities is one that, to use a colloquialism, prevents his "putting on side." One of the most powerful members of a strong Administration, his manner is to-day as simple and unaffected as when he was an obscure solicitor from Wales fighting his way to the front from a trench below the Gangway in the House of Commons.

# Music

## THE LION OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

Fritz Kreisler is the lion of the musical season. In Greater New York he has already played fifteen times to overflowing audiences, and that figure might easily be doubled before the end of the season were it not for the urgent calls from other cities, where his success is equally pronounced; so the greatest of living violinists has at last come into his own. While he has been much admired and praised for some years, the masses have been rather slow in flocking to his standard, because he refused to attract them by playing sensational show pieces.

The stubbornness with which Fritz Kreisler refused (even when he was poor) to do sensational tricks to attract attention is one of his most characteristic traits, all the more so because most of the concertos are written with the express purpose of giving the player a chance to exhibit his paces. Such concertos he avoids, playing only those that have musical merit. Their number is not great, a fact which limits his repertory. Paganini is not entirely absent from his list, because that Italian wizard, though much addicted to tricks, nevertheless wrote some pieces that have genuine value as works of art. The standard concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bruch, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, Kreisler plays as no one else can play them. He has actually succeeded in making the Brahms concerto popular. When it first appeared, a wag wrote that it was a composition "against the violin rather than for it," and even Joachim was appalled by its difficulties. Kreisler's virtuosity makes it seem easy; to the last movement he gives a new rhythmic turn that at first surprises his conductors but promptly convinces them, for it makes this piece much more incisive and enjoyable. It was Kreisler's superlative performance of the Brahms concerto that induced England's most prominent composer, Sir Edward Elgar, to engage him to play his own concerto at its first performance.

In the days of Liszt it was customary for pianists to get a theme from the audience and to improvise on it. Violinists, also, were expected to interpolate improvised cadenzas into the concertos they played. One is reminded of that custom on listening to Kreisler's playing of his own cadenza in the first movement of the Beethoven concerto, for it sounds like an improvisation, on the spur of the moment, on Beethoven's melodies; and so rich is his tone, in single notes as well as in double stops, that one hardly notices when the orchestra stops and the soloist plays alone. It is a singular fact that when a violinist plays two tones together on his instrument the resulting sound is richer than when two violinists play those two simultaneous tones separately. This is probably the principal reason why, in his craving for greater and greater euphony, Kreisler, in his arrangements, and especially in his own compositions, resorts more and more to double-stopping. His last piece, called "Introduction and Scherzo," opens up quite new vistas in that direction. It may prove epoch-making.

It is not strictly true that, as an expert remarked the other day, there have been only three composers who knew how to write idiomatically for the violin: Bach, Paganini, and Kreisler; but these three certainly are supreme in this art. It is because of their idiomatic quality that other violinists have so eagerly taken to the Kreisler pieces—one seldom sees a programme to-day without one or more of these on it. But there are other reasons why they are played: the public clamors for them, and the players, as well as the listeners, are glad to get away from the monotony of the current repertory, which, as just intimated, is not as large as it might be. Kreisler's pieces combine the charm of piquant harmony and exquisite melodic originality with quaint Viennese local color. That the music of the neighboring Bohemia should appeal to him particularly is not strange; Dvorák, in particular, has provided him with material for some of his most exquisite arrangements. More numerous, and no less important, are his revivals of short pieces by Italian and French masters of the eighteenth century. These, also, have been eagerly adopted by other violinists, because they are not only charming in themselves but add much-needed variety to their programmes. With characteristic modesty, Kreisler attributes these simply to Corelli, Tartini, Pugnani, Martini, Couperin, and so on; but as a matter of fact, in many of them there is as much of Kreisler as there is of the original composer, and sometimes the half contributed by Kreisler is the better of the two. "The Devil's Trill," for example, is much more devilish, difficult, and clever as Kreisler plays it than it was as Tartini heard the devil play it in a dream.

HENRY T. FINCK.

# Art

## THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN PAINTING AT THE FOGG MUSEUM.

The efforts of instructors in art at Harvard have been signally assisted within the last decade by the development, at the Fogg Museum, of a collection of Italian primitives that can almost, if not completely, rival the Jarves collection at New Haven. The achievement is the work of the zealous and enlightened director, Mr. E. W. Forbes, and to him also is due the present loan exhibition.

The peculiar advantage of such exhibitions is that they make examples in private collections accessible to a more thorough examination than is otherwise generally possible. A case in point is the unusual opportunity for studying one of Giotto's greatest pupils, Bernardo Daddi, who is represented by three separate loans, each illustrating a different phase of his production. A little panel, sent by Miss Isabella da Costa Greene, of New York, is one of those formal compositions for small domestic shrines which were also used by the Lorenzetti at Siena and which were transmitted by Daddi to Orcagna and Allegretto Nuzi: the Virgin and Child are enthroned in the midst and surrounded by four saints, two at the back in the same plane as the chief figures and two in the foreground. As the first Giottesco to superimpose upon the naturalistic Florentine tradition something of the Sienese decorative attitude, Daddi here reveals a keen sense of the ornamental value of splendid fabrics. The intense and yet exquisite religious feeling is also redolent of Siena, and is still more delightfully exemplified in a second larger panel, lent by Mr. G. L. Winthrop, of Boston, and containing one of those isolated groups of the Virgin and Child which were the predilection of this master and of which another superb instance has lately been added to the collection at Fenway Court. The work is an epitome of Daddi's style. Being

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a pupil of Giotto, he is partially able to give his figures that existence in three dimensions which it is the fashion to describe, with the phraseology of Berenson, as "tactile values," and in the process, like Giotto, he errs in the direction of plumpness; at the same time, having learned from the Sienese to look upon the picture also as a piece of decoration, he creates a subtle design in line and color by raising the Virgin's left arm and entwining the right hand in the lovely blue and diapered gold of the drapery.

Even more attractive is the veritable masterpiece lent by Mr. D. F. Platt, from his scholarly collection at Englewood, New Jersey, a little Crucifixion with the swooning Virgin, St. John, and the Holy Women at the Saviour's right, the Magdalene at the foot of the cross, and the mocking Jews and Centurion at the left—another type of composition popularized by Daddi. No one has ever realized more charmingly the decorative value of pure and brilliant color, harmoniously disposed and yet not modelled in *chiaroscuro*. The present writer will not soon forget the sensation with which he first observed the indescribable and esoteric yellow worn by one of the Holy Women and set against the dark blue-green of the Virgin's mantle. Daddi attains without affectation the result after which many of the moderns are striving; the vibrating play of bright color recalls Degas at his best. Nor is the painting spiritually less astounding. The phrase "primitive sincerity" is often employed in a rather desultory fashion, but here it may be applied in its fullest sense. The artist has so completely identified himself with the Virgin's passion that in posture and expression he touches exactly the right note of profound and despairing grief. These three panels alone are enough to demonstrate the interest of Bernardo Daddi, a master who only now is receiving the attention that he deserves. During these weeks there is no better place in America to study the Trecento in general than the Fogg Museum. In addition to the Daddis, as loans or permanent possessions, it contains a superb Jacopo di Cione, especially remarkable for its preservation; three works of Spinello, representing different aspects of his style; a large bishop-saint by Allegretto Nuzi in one of the gorgeous vestments that the Umbrian master so much affected (from Mr. Horace Morison, of Boston); and of the Sienese school, an Ambrogio Lorenzetti, two anonymous but significant panels belonging to Mr. H. M. Williams, of Cambridge, and, subscribed by the new and generous organization, the Friends of the Fogg Museum, an important and typical Annunciation by Andrea Vanni.

Of the Florentine Quattrocento, the loans include both the scientific and the conservative or linealist coteries. From Mr. Philip Lehman, of New York, comes a lady's portrait by Paolo Uccello, which is instructive as warning critics not to make their categories too iron-bound. Uccello is often described as a mere innovator in perspective and foreshortening; but not infrequently his latent artistic sense gets the better of his pedantry, and he produces fine, spirited, and picturesque bits of narrative decoration, such as the Legend of the Sacrament at Urbino, or a feminine profile such as the present example, in which the sculptural relief and the infinitely subtle characterization are obtained chiefly through the firm, sharp line of definition. The linealists have made their contribution in a Madonna by the founder of the tendency in fifteenth-century Florence, Don Lorenzo Monaco, illustrating his usual charm of calligraphic design and dreamy religious poetry; and in another representation of the same subject by Fra Angelico, which, though sadly "restored," is yet a valuable example of his early manner. Placed beside the painting by Don Lorenzo Monaco, it strikingly demonstrates the Dominican friar's dependence upon the monk of Camaldoli.

The eclectic *bottega*, connected with the name of Pier Francesco Fiorentino, manufactured adaptations of Fra Filippo Lippi and of other great masters for less affluent and more provincial patrons in such quantity that they are now familiar landmarks in every gallery, and, in addition to the example already belonging to the Fogg Museum, Mr. P. J. Sachs, of New York, sends a Madonna and Child, revealing an unexpected feeling for color. Of the late Quattrocento, the director has placed once more on view, from his private collection, the well-known Virgin Annunciate, in all probability a very early work by Ghirlandajo. Its significance is both educational and intrinsic. One of the few frescoes in America, it still yields unmistakable evidence of Baldovinetti's influence, and it is perfumed by the breath of the ethereal Italian sentiment that Ghirlandajo so soon sacrificed to the desire for reproducing the outer rather than the inner life of his native city. From the same period, the gallery may even boast a Judgment of Paris by the newly extricated and reconstructed master, Utili da Faenza, lent by the Ehrich Galleries, New York. A characteristic piece of Florentine furniture-decoration and a characteristic Florentine treatment of mythology, it impresses one as naïve because, deriving his conceptions from reading the classic legends rather than from seeing ancient representations of them, the artist naturally ideates the divinities and heroes of Greece in the same moulds as his sacred figures.

Enough has been said to indicate the importance of the Loan Exhibition. It only remains to catalogue a few more examples from other regions of the peninsula. The central Italian schools are illustrated by such specimens as Mrs. Holden's Lorenzo di San Severino, long familiar, in the Metropolitan Museum at New York, as retaining traces of an apprenticeship with the painters of Camerino. One of Pintoricchio's rare masterpieces, from Duveen Brothers, is interesting not only because of its freedom from his ordinary puerile cluttering of the Perugian spatial background, but also because, in its unfinished condition, it betrays large sections of the undergrounding, especially for the Virgin's robe. The northern and Venetian schools are already well represented in the Harvard collection. The quota of the former is rounded out by a narrative panel in the style of Cossa and by a provincial but agreeable Francia. Mrs. W. Scott adds to the latter a feminine head by Bartolommeo Veneto, and Mr. H. E. Wetzel a superior Madonna and Child from the Vivarini workshop. A masculine portrait, possibly by Alvise Vivarini himself, realizing the full *chiaroscuro* of nature, is prophetic of the modernization of painting in the Cinquecento; and the Giorgionesque Dosso from the Ehrich Galleries, and Professor Palmer's Titianesque Polidoro have wholly emerged from the sphere of the primitive, a love and understanding of which it has been the special purpose of the Fogg Museum to foster.

C. R. Post.

# Finance

## DURATION OF THE WAR.

Towards the middle of last week, the upward movement on the Stock Exchange, which had continued since the first gun was fired at the Turkish forts on February 25, reached its evident culmination. That fact was indicated, not only by the excited activity of the market, but even more by the character of the talk and rumor which was circulated in Wall Street to encourage a further rise. All the interviews, market circulars, and financial forecasts had it that the war was about to come to an early end. Thereafter, in default of actual news, reaction in prices followed.

The prophecy was accompanied by no specific argument and by no particulars; therefore it was not taken very seriously. It was as possible to argue that the talk of early peace had been caused by the rise in prices as to argue that the rise in prices had been caused by the talk of peace. But the mere fact that "peace talk," however vague, had become temporarily the order of the day, set the financial community to inquiring, first, what was really likely to be the duration of the war; next, just what the alternatives of a short war or a long war would mean to our own financial situation.

Prediction as to the first, in high European circles, has been entirely confusing. Lord Kitchener has been quoted repeatedly as saying that this war would really begin in earnest only with the arrival of spring. Leroy-Beaulieu, always close to French Government opinion, has predicted (with reservations) the end of the war in June. Lord Haldane, speaking for the British Government in the House of Lords, has declared that the war cannot be brought to a finish in "a week, a month, a year, or possibly in two years."

High authority, in circles of international finance at New York, has privately declared that, as a physical and financial undertaking, war on the present and impending scale cannot possibly outlast 1915. The French Pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mier, lately interpellated in the Chamber, answered that France would continue the war "until the moral freedom of Europe and the material freedom of Belgium have been attained, until Alsace-Lorraine has been retaken, until the final success of heroic Servia." Finally, no less a military prophet than Gen. von Bernhardi, writing before the outbreak of the war, and evidently not imagining how close his descriptive terms would fit the actual event, has said that "when the adversaries," with the enormous armies of modern warfare and the prodigious economic cost, "keep one another in check in an indecisive struggle, success will ultimately fall to him who can boast of the highest moral energy; or, where on both sides the moral motives are of an equally high standard, to him who can hold out longest financially."

Here is sufficient variety of opinion—indicating at least that Wall Street, at the beginning of last week, was drawing deductions rather hastily. None of these prophets—except, in a somewhat hypothetical way, Bernhardi—ventured to predict financial conditions, necessarily consequent on a prolonged or a shortened war. That prediction might differ, according as it was applied to belligerent Europe or to neutral America. Industrially, we have a profitable stake in continued war, as well as in returning peace. Our present enormous export of war material and supplies would, of course, not outlast the fighting. On the other hand, trade in a large variety of peaceful industries is diverted, deranged, or completely upset, by the war blockades and the war embargo. Returning peace would certainly stimulate the steel trade and the cotton trade. Possibly it would not very greatly depress wheat prices, with conditions in agricultural Europe what we know they are.

It might change our present position on the export and import trade. Imports of foreign merchandise would certainly increase, and perhaps very largely, though the export trade would again be stimulated through Europe's needs for repairs and reconstruction. But however the "export balance" might be altered, the benefits of return to a normal status would be unquestionably great. Just what would be the effect of return to peace, on this country's new and probably temporary position as the central money market of the world, is a difficult matter to foresee. There is something to say on each side of the question.

The same thing is true of the other baffling question, how will our own markets be affected when the artificial props now supporting Europe's financial markets—the Bank of England's prodigious loans and guarantees, the French moratorium, and Germany's quasi-governmental advances on any and every sort of property—are withdrawn. One can picture a financial cataclysm, reacting on America. But people have pictured, since the 30th of last July, a good many similar cataclysms, none of which has happened.

Prophecy has, in fact, come to grief so consistently, in the economic history of the war to date, that prudent people will be careful about indulging in it. Behind all other considerations, however, financial instinct and experience retain their respect for the great underlying principles that waste of capital, property, and life, on the present stupendous scale, is a progressive injury to the economic structure as a whole, and that no member of the economic system can escape the evil consequences altogether. Our country has thus far been least hurt of all. Perhaps, so far as the American outlook is concerned, these three periods will have to be distinguished—the period of war, the period of immediate post-bellum readjustment (short or long), and the period of the new forward movement. For the third period, this country's immense advantages are apparent.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK

### FICTION.

Addison, T. Come-On Charley. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Bower, B. M. The Flying U's Last Stand. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.30 net.
Burroughs, E. R. The Return of Tarzan. Chicago: McClurg. $1.30 net.
Curtiss, P. The Ladder. Harper. $1.30 net.
Fowler, E. H. Patricia. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Harrison, H. S. Angela's Business. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Hewlett, M. A Lovers' Tale. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Johnson, O. Arrows of the Almighty. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lincoln, N. S. C. O. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Piper, M. R. The Princess and the Clan. Boston: Page.
Shortt, V. Lost Sheep. Lane. $1.25 net.
Soutar, A. The Honor of His House. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Stevenson, B. E. Little Comrade. Holt. $1.20 net.
Wells, H. G. Bealby. Macmillan. $1.35 net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Barcynska, Countess. The Little Mother Who Sits at Home. Dutton. $1 net.
Collected Works of William Morris. With Introductions by May Morris. Vols. 21, 22, 23, 24. Longmans, Green.
Cromer, The Earl of. Abbas II. Macmillan. $1 net.
Curtis, E. S. In the Land of the Head-Hunters. World Book Company. $1.20 net.
Elton, O. Poetic Romancers after 1850. British Academy. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Fordham, H. G. Studies in Carto-Bibliography. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Frazer, J. G. Essays of Joseph Addison. Vols. I and II. Macmillan. $3 net.
Kaufman, H. Neighbours. Doran. 75 cents net.
Martinez, A. B., and Lewandowski, M. The Argentine in the Twentieth Century. Third edition. Modern World Series. Scribner.
Onions, C. T. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by J. A. H. Murray. Vol. IX. su—Subterraneous. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
The Nation's Library Series: The Star World. The Principles of Evolution. Socialism and Syndicalism. Modern Views on Education. Eugenics. Baltimore, Md.: Warwick & York. 40 cents net each.
Wilkins, E. H. The Derivation of the Canzone. Privately printed.
Willoughby, L. A. Samuel Naylor and 'Reynard the Fox.' Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Wilson, W. When a Man Comes to Himself. Harper. 50 cents net.

### RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Gould, F. J. Victors of Peace. Harper. 75 cents net.
Hingeley, J. B. The Retired Minister. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Hodges, G. Cross and Passion. Macmillan. $1 net.
Hodges, G. Faith and Social Service. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Merrill, W. P. Footings for Faith. Scribner. $1 net.
Russell, B. Scientific Method in Philosophy. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Shumaker, E. E. The World Crisis and the Way to Peace. Putnam. 75 cents net.

### GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Dautremer, J. The Japanese Empire and its Economic Conditions. Scribner.
Hooper, W. E. Railroad Accounting. Appleton. $2 net.
Johns, C. H. W. Relations between the Laws of Babylonia and the Laws of the Hebrew Peoples. Oxford University Press. 3s. net.
Kellor, F. A. Out of Work. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Lewis, E. St. E. Getting the Most Out of Business. Roland Press.
McFarlane, J. Economic Geography. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Sturges, K. American Chambers of Commerce. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.
Withers, H. War and Lombard Street. Dutton. $1.25 net.

### TRAVEL.

Coxon, S. And That Reminds Me. Lane. $3.50 net.
Dunbar, S. A History of Travel in America. Vols. I, II, III, IV. Bobbs-Merrill.
Gratacap, L. P. The New Northland. Brentanos. $1.25 net.
Mason, C. A. The Spell of Southern Waters. Boston: Page.
Putnam, G. P. In the Oregon Country. Putnam. $1.75 net.

### POETRY.

Bangs, J. K. A Quest for Song. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Schuyler, H. Within the Cloister's Shadow. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Stephens, J. Songs from the Clay. Macmillan. $1 net.

### SCIENCE.

Bailey, L. H. The Principles of Fruit Growing. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Calkins, E. E. The Business of Advertising. Appleton. $2 net.
Crile, G. W. The Origin and Nature of the Emotions. Philadelphia, Pa.: W. B. Saunders Co.
Fowler, N. C. How to Sell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $1 net.
Houck, F. A. Our Palace Wonderful. Chicago: Hassen & Sons.
LaMotte, E. N. The Tuberculosis Nurse. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Mathews, F. S. Field Book of American Trees and Shrubs. Putnam.
Noyes, E. Ethics and Jurisdiction for Dentists. Chicago: Tucker-Kenworthy Co.
Rexford, E. E. A-B-C of Gardening. Harper. 50 cents net.
Stevens, J. S. Theory of Measurements. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

### JUVENILE.

Williams, J. D. The Squirrel's Pilgrim's Progress. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 75 cents net.

### TEXTBOOKS.

Caesar Gallic War. Books I and II. Edited by Reiss, E., and Janes, A. L. American Book Co.
Decker, W. C., and Markisch, R. Deutschland und die Deutschen. American Book Co.
Elmquist, A. L. Elementary Swedish Grammar. Swedish Phonology. Chicago: Engberg-Holmberg Pub. Co.
Elson, W. H., and Runkel, L. E. Elson-Runkel Primer. Scott, Foresman & Co. 32 cents net.
Francois, V. E. Alternate Exercises for Introductory French Prose Composition. American Book Co.
François, V. E. Pierrille. Heath. 40 cents net.
Franklin, W. S., and MacNutt, B. Electricity and Magnetism. Macmillan.
Harris, C. A German Grammar. American Book Co. $1 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jaeger, O. The Teaching of History. McClurg. $1 net.

Smiley, J. B., and Storke, H. L. A First-Year Latin Course. American Book Co.

Stern, M., and Arrowsmith, R. Aus deutschen Dörfern. American Book Co.


**A popular edition, printed from the type of the revised and enlarged two-volume edition first printed in 1912 of**

## FOURNIER'S NAPOLEON I: A Biography

By **AUGUST FOURNIER**, Professor of History, Vienna University. Translated by A. E. Adams. Introduction by H. A. L. Fisher.

*Just ready. 2 vols. 8vo. The set, $3.50 net.*

"A final estimate and account of Napoleon's career."—*Literary Digest.*

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 34 West 33rd Street, New York

## Low Round Trip Fares Daily via the Scenic Highway To California's Expositions

Very low round trip fares are now in effect via the Scenic Highway of the Northern Pacific Railway which will permit you to see both the San Francisco and San Diego Expositions at no additional expense. The Exposition really begins when you board its through transcontinental trains from Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City to North Pacific Coast points and Puget Sound —the Mediterranean of America.

If you will advise me about when you will plan your 1915 vacation, I will be very glad to send a complete set of our travel literature, including illustrated Exposition folder, and assist you in any way possible.

W. F. MERSHON, Gen'l Agt., 1244 Broadway, Phone Madison Square 4040, New York City.—[Advt.

## In the Oregon Country

**George Palmer Putnam**

Author "The Southland of North America." Introduction by James Withycombe, Governor of Oregon.

12°. 53 Illus. $1.75.

Out-doors in Oregon, Washington and California. Some legendary lore, glimpses of the Modern West in the making, descriptions of trips along the forest and mountain trails, on foot and horseback; and with gun, rod, and camera; of the ascent of peaks, and of long canoe excursions, all replete with incidents of interest and rich in word-pictures of the glorious country traversed. The volume is beautifully illustrated from the author's photographs.

A new impression has just come from the press of Mr. Putnam's former volume: **THE SOUTHLAND OF NORTH AMERICA.** 8°. 100 Illus. $2.50. The interest in this entertaining and illuminating volume has in no way diminished.

"An amusing, instructive and tempting account of travel in the byways just off the new highway." —*N. Y. Sun.*

New York **G. P. Putnam's Sons** London

## Studies in History, Economics and Public Law

*Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.*

### Emile Durkheim's Contributions to Sociological Theory

By CHARLES ELMER GEHLKE, Ph.D., Sometime Schiff Fellow in Columbia University, Instructor in Sociology, Western Reserve University. 8vo. *Paper covers.* $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

## LIMP-LEATHER EDITION OF MARK TWAIN

The volumes are light and easy to hold, printed on carefully selected paper and bound in limp red leather.

*Single Volumes* $1.75 *net.*
*Titles in 2 Vols.* $1.50 *net each.*

HARPER & BROTHERS

**OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE**
of publications in science, philosophy, and literature will be sent to any address on request.
The UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.

The

## Future Use

of

# Electricity

from

# Water-power

A Comprehensive and Authoritative Review of the Progress of Public Utilities throughout the United States during the past year with an outlook upon the future will be contained in the Annual Public Utilities Number of The New York Evening Post, to be issued Wednesday, March 31

Many will wish to file this number for future reference. Banks and Trust companies, as well as Public Service Corporations, should order extra copies mailed to their patrons or stockholders. Enter your order with your newsdealer in advance as the edition will be sold out early. Copies will be mailed to separate addresses for five cents each.

Clip Coupon and send **5c.** for Copy.

Address

The New York Evening Post
20 Vesey Street, New York

**5c** enclosed for copy **Public Utilities Number** of The Evening Post.

Send to

Name.....

No. ..... ..... .....Street

Post Office.....

County..... State.....


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED